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Robert Duvall Goes C&W ● What Movies Cost

Esquire

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Esquire

September 1982
Special Double Issue

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BACKPAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THE CITY THAT ALWAYS COUNTS

DEARER A hundred of twenty-three square miles, and imagine that every day some two million people work within those twenty-three square miles and that the majority of those people have as a primary focus one thing: success. That landmass is Manhattan, which draws upon a financial and talent resource pool of a magnitude enjoyed by no other city in America. Also unique in this country is the emphasis on "making it" that lies at the heart of New York's cultural milieu. For these reasons, when we decided to do a special issue on career achievement and the current means for success, we chose the city that not only is the perfect metaphor of a nationwide phenomenon but that also sets the standards of achievement for all of America.

Of course, there are countless examples of individuals succeeding in other places, and there are entire industries that have flourished for the most part without New York. But there is simply no other city in which so many people have made it so high in so many different fields. For high achievement-oriented people—those, if they live in Kansas City or Atlanta or San Francisco—professional recognition in New York means a part of the ritual of confirmation. This is partly because the credo that recognizes success is also centered in New York and partly because so much of the money that fuels and rewards success comes through the city. But there is more to it than that. The New York work environment has far more than a century been the most condensed, competitive and sophisticated in America. Its traditional culture of success is reflected in all its institutions—the financial marketplace, the theater, museums, restaurants, night life, et cetera. It makes unrealistic to these institutions that New York keeps its success above all other concerns. It's no wonder that a Texas real-estate developer or a California computer specialist or a Washington politician or an African lawyer has an emotional reaction to being in New York, even as they enter the standard



"Once place to visit, but..." phrases they treat it as special. New York is simply the one city in America with which the success-oriented must come to terms.

Seriously no matter where you live, you can learn from the New York success process. Because it is faster, bigger, more visible, it is more comprehensible. In *The Success Capital of America* (page 44), contributing editor Chris Welch describes the process and attitudes you to a number of high-achieving New Yorkers and their views about why they got where they are. In *Making It on American Hours a Day* (page 52), by Steven Levy, you'll meet John Ferrell, a Madison Avenue adman who literally lives his life around his success drive. Then, contributing editor Lee Eisenberg (who wrote "Looking for a Wife" *Esquire*, December 1980) gives the social preoccupations of New Yorkers in "Night Clubbing" (page 60) and considers the ramifications of the very idea of us living our idea of success in our "free" time. We hope that the combination of these three articles will leave you with a perspective on—and a larger context in which to judge—your own career efforts.

New York is the background for other dreams and columns this month: Our Brief Encounter (page 66) with new-caster Diane Sawyer of New York, who co-authors the *CBS Morning News* and no-

ther George Bush enters a look at the unusual job of the National Park Service superintendent on New York's Liberty Island ("Taking Care of New Liberty," page 72). In *Man At His Best*, you will find guidance to the finest the city has to offer and discover places to shop, new bars to hang out. Finally, we learn from successful New Yorkers and their individual styles of living and dressing ("How to Wear Success," page 76). Also, be sure to read John Smith (page 12) on the past, present, and future of Wall Street.

In 1936, *Esquire* published its first piece by a woman writer, mysteriously. It was called "Lulus are Lonely Lovers," and it contained such pretty legs as "... if I had I would wrap you like Cubans, three South Americans and two slightly used Italian men, and I would stay right night in the week." It was an extraordinary sensation, and its author, Helen Lawrence, went on to write more than sixty articles for *Esquire*—a colorful potter (from First Avenue to Black Jagger) and funny, misanthropic, witty, and clever. Her most recent piece in these pages appeared under the provocative title "How Now, Pringle? Why Don't Those Terry?" She was so magnificent for this magazine and looking forward to the publication of her first novel when she died April 5 at the age of seventy-four. (The novel, *Dance of Scorpions*, will be published in August by William B. Eerdmans.)

When Allen Gurguch, *Esquire's* founder and first editor in chief, died in 1979 Helen Lawrence wrote in these pages "I always thought he was indestructible—we used to complement each other on our resilience and durability, especially in later years, when friends and acquaintances were giving up the ghost in droves. Ah, they don't make 'em like us anymore!" was our rallying slogan." She was right. Ellen has been wherever her ghost has settled, she'll read and reveal long after we are all someone else's memory.

We hope you enjoy the issue.

—Philip Morris



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

REMEMBERING HITCHCOCK

CONGRATULATIONS to David Freeman as he is both written and executive producer of Alfred Hitchcock's final film ("The Last Days of Alfred Hitchcock," April). As a devoted Hitchcock admirer, I revel in the poignant account of the enigmatic Hitchcock. His movie cinema will forever attest to the genius of Sir Alfred. Freeman has lived up to my expectations of a truly good journal.

*Roderick J. Lawrence
Windsor, Ontario*

AS TOUCHING as it was from time to time, David Freeman's diary of Hitchcock's last days did not constitute a tribute to Hitchcock, as your introduction suggested. As a student of Hitchcock, I met him on several occasions, and as a director, I have been fortunate enough to meet and work with several of his former colleagues and friends.

Freeman may have been the last writer to work with Hitchcock, but his insights are unique only by virtue of his betrayal of the tacit trust that exists between any writer and director.

Freeman's discussion about Hitchcock's less-than-pleasant sexual characterizing him as a drunk. Even if Hitchcock did drink as he has been said, this would seem understandable as a man of eighty with aching pain and a terminal heart condition. As for the writer's references to anxiety, depression, and crushes on young women, these are not the stuff that tributes are made of.

Had your article been the genuine tribute it purported to be, it would have emphasized the remarkable fact that Alfred Hitchcock continued to function as a great artist into his eighties. To so simply die the gentleman to which we are all prey, and which he may have so relatively short-lived, was a poor taste.

*Richard Franklin
Bel Air, Calif.*

TANTALIZING FICTION

WHILE READING the April issue I came upon Roberto Benigni's story "Lecore." I think Benigni appropriately chose "Lecore" for its tribute to Alfred Hitchcock since not only is it an exciting and provocative story, but with such a tantalizing ending, "Lecore" definitely needs thought to recognize the brilliance of an abandoned

bedroom at the end of the story leaves the reader with more than just the experience of an enjoyable read.

*Mary Ryan
Miami, Fla.*

LIFE AMID THE STARS

THE ONLY question David Noonan really asks, having already admitted to like about the stars ("The Stars of the Earth," April), is, are they smart like us?

I have no doubt that those beings capable of and interested in collecting our radio waves will be able to decipher our well-intended binary code. Perhaps a less spiritual question is, having already taken the time to decipher Lawrence di Sherry's evocative and many years of golden odors, will they even want to? We can only hope.

*Mathew Johnson
Philadelphia, Pa.*

LOOKING AT LE BOUTILLIER

RE THE photo of John LeBoutillier accompanying David Owen's article ("John LeBoutillier—The Unlabeled Congressman," April). Is this slouching, bearded, "immediately unbecomable" bearded fellow truly seated at the President's flinty neckboard, ten-kilogram hair—shiny aside, in deconstructive terms the man is looking.

*Katherine A. Myers
Grosse Pointe, Mich.*

THE ARTICLE on John LeBoutillier was rather interesting and accurate, as was David Owen's comments in Backstage (April 5). He's the only person I know who wants to be President of the United States. So much for the idea of America being the country in which any child can grow up to become President.

I have the feeling the congressman is still playing tricks. Look at the photo on page 50 and tell me how many and which fingers are extended. Let's see if he's funny in 1988, assuming he's still around.

*Paul A. Patel Jr.
Columbus, Ohio*

COMPLEMENTARY COLUMNS

THIS is a personal thank-you for Laurence Shames's Ethics column ("Cheating," April) and Ben Shapiro's Sports Clinic ("Getting Psychoed") in the April issue. The two columns, appropriately hefted back, could not have been better timed to stimulate thought and action as I prepare myself to run a ten-

kilometer race in the town in which I live.

More important, the truths I uncovered as I read both articles gave me insight that is applicable to more than a Saturday-morning run. The columns are enlightening, thought-provoking guides to life.

*James R. Arnold
Springville, Tenn.*

TODAY I received my April issue of Esquire. After spending my workday listening to pebble over insignificant annoyances, I am glad to have some scientific company. I find myself listening to Adam Smith and Laurence Shames as if we were friends. I appreciate their sober and rational thought. Adam Smith's "Are Savings for Cheaps Obedy?" (Unconventional Wisdom) recalled to me moments of my father and his rigorous cost-benefit approach to life. Laurence Shames's "Cheating" cast light on a portion of myself and prompted me to think about my approach to life.

*Diana M. Jordan
Houston, Tex.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY TEACHER

I READ with interest Bob Geary's account of his student Professor Donald Torchiana's classroom at Northwestern ("Lines from the Heart," Northwestern Post, April) because I was a student of Torchiana's about the time that Torchiana was Professor Torchiana's student—a teacher of extraordinary devotion—a man who truly believes in and loves the literature he studies and professes.

*Kenneth Meyer
Washington, D.C.*

FIRST NOVEL

AS A beneficiary of several semesters of Patricia Geary's inspired creative-writing courses at George Mason College, I was pleased to find her novel, *Living in Echo*, recently reviewed by James Welcott ("Strange New World," Books, April). But, unfortunately, the odds against finding a first novel by a new writer in the bookstores are about the same as the odds against winning \$100,000 in a sweepstakes.

*Paul Embler
Santa Ana, Calif.*

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BY ADAM SMITH

THE WALL STREET SPIRIT

Can it survive the age of the financial supermarket?

SOME YEARS ago, CBS produced a television special about Wall Street and I was invited to the program. We went to the office of a senior distinguished Wall Street figure, Roy Neuberger, and the camera panned lovingly down the walls that displayed some of his quite fabulous art collection.

"When I was young," Neuberger said, "I loved art, but I had little money. I thought that with a great deal of effort I might be an art critic—I knew I was not an artist. But that required a generous profession. To collect art, I needed money. I had to myself. Where is there money? Wall Street." And so I came to the Street." Neuberger's idea that one combines the career and the market that since Wall Street is about money, it must be money I think the truth is not that simple, but perhaps it makes little difference. The danger of offense is in the eye of the beholder. Recently, a magazine picture of one of Wall Street's most prosperous firms set me to me at a dinner celebrating the anniversary of another trading position: "Do Wall Street," he said, "you're in the window. The money passes through your hands, and a comfortable amount can stick, but Wall Street never makes the real money. You see somebody build up a little firm, you sell some stock to the public for work, and you know that now he has fifty million dollars in that stock. But you can work your whole life on Wall Street, and be very successful, and end up with a lousy four or five million dollars."

I said that that was beyond the domain of, say, a high school teacher or a research chemist or an engineer.

"Oh, yes," he said. "And not very many people on Wall Street end up with that, either. Wall Street isn't where the money is, but it is where the money is. Do you know what some 'bears' did a hundred million dollars? A week. They say, 'He's done very well, he has lost tons.' There has been more money made in the



Silicon Valley in the last five years than on Wall Street in the last fifty."

The occasion for these remarks is Borsari's celebration this month of New York City, or the process of New York City. Wall is one of the city's most famous streets, further, Wall Street embodies a symbol—one that reality is leaving behind. New York is a city of services. It is in the nature of services—whether cutting hair, making transactions, or devising advertising slogans—that they leave no monuments behind. The most famous streets of New York—Wall, Broadway, Madison Avenue—cover up images of professions and activities whose very nature is ephemeral. The products close on Saturday night, or the ratings fall, or the buyers send the money for the bond issue, the profits disappear.

Wall Street, begun in Tuscany and headed up in the arms of Sam Roubac, only this is not, of course, the end. Any guidebook will tell you that the street is

short; that it runs from a promenade to a river; that it got its name because when the straggly tip of Manhattan was the entire colony, there was a wall along the northern edge of the settlement, and a rocky path by that wall I like to put the beginning of Wall Street in Tuscany, but you could pay it even further back, in India, because the zero came from India and Wall Street could not exist without zero.

And mathematicians added the zero to the numbers we now call Arabic—that is, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In the thirteenth century a traveler, one Leonardo Fibonacci of Pisa, brought this numeral system from North Africa to Tuscany, thus making the Tuscans to make a leap forward roughly equivalent to the advent of the computer they too long had to multiply CXXX by MCMLXXXIII. Thus liberated, the Tuscans developed banks, notes of credit, bills of exchange, even a kind of modern traveler's check, so that merchants

journeying did not have to carry cash. The Florentines and Venetians quickly adopted this technology, but it was the Dutch who spread it throughout Europe. In the sixteenth century, after the signing of the Dutch against the Spanish crown, the southern part of the Netherlands was newly designed and many religious streams north to Amsterdam, while others scattered throughout the cities of Europe. When the shipping boom began—Baltic wood, southwest, Mediterranean wines northward—the networks of Dutch counties was in place, with financial power to finance the trade, and Amsterdam became the richest city in Europe. The entry of the Dutch was buttressed by their favorite theologian, John Calvin, who preached that work—successful work—gave you a glimpse of whether or not you were in a state of grace. And, of course, it was the Dutch who bought Manhattan west from the Indians and built the wall from which the street got its name. The

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Deutch and the British were already thoroughly posted as the calvary when the Rothschilds rolled into and led the pair of their Gallic kins and went to Bedford for the headiest Provençal, William, the Prince of Orange. Meanwhile, the British colonies began to pay off and England reaped extraordinary profits from trade. Dutch coffee-house traders moved to London well. William, and London became the world financial center. In 1792, a hundred years after William and Mary ruled Britain a group of traders met under a borrowed tree and founded Wall Street. The founding of the New York Stock Exchange. Then in the nineteenth century, in New York, another group of urban refugees, the German Jews, landed their own banking houses and took the accountancy of the German empire under the Prussian flag to Europe through their own networks of contacts in the German principalities.

Even with this international horfuge, the art form involved in the doing none of it was. Wall Street, however, is English in its origins, philosophy, references, shooting sticks, polo-corned talent taking a sopping cap before passing a law. None of the proper secretaries of law. Wall Streeters wear pink coats, and there was no tradition among the urban Danish, the urban Jews, or even the roundabout English, of pursuing them. But that British spirit continues to be protected. John Hausman's Danish character has been written into one of the best-known TV comedies for an investment firm.

Very few Wall Streeters know this thousand history, and they use this. Most of the people who work on Wall Street today are concerned with the use of the word "information"—that is, they are clerks in the contemporary pretensions of clerical functions on the computer. Above this clerical level, the skills of Wall Streeters are much as they were in the days of the networks of urban contacts. The usual money managers, and the largest pool of capital is in pension funds. Americans have pretty much lost the habit of individual saving—indeed, they have been persuaded by the tax system, so that saving has become foolish—so that money is being saved that returns in government securities but in houses and the pension funds of corporations and state and local governments. Wall Street underwrites issues of securities for these pools of capital, assumes positions (here as secretary, and

trades in the information and trading that move the securities from one set of hands to another. Along the way, Wall Street clips nickels, and tactically speculates. Clipping nickels has provided a handsome living for many generations, even if it did not produce the great fortunes of America—the Pates, Rockefellers, Watsons, Hants, and so on. Wall Streeters have been the comfortable bourgeois, the great dealers since elsewhere.

Individual investors sometimes approach Wall Street with a grinding spirit, like that of hopvipers. That approach demands quick satisfaction, and it rarely works. There are too many players, with too much information. Sometimes I think it is not good—the usual emotional motivation—that drives Wall Street but the craving for advantage. Wall Street trades in information, and most Wall Streeters thrive on the continuous negotiating and degrading of fact and opinion. There is always something to talk about, and the various ones up in new news every day. Where will interest rates go? What does stock do you like best? Where is the bottom? Where is the top?

The transactions on the stock exchange used to be private-fairer-like. The stock market, then, the price. Speculators and young men would demand symbols and pawns; after a lunch at Oscar's Delicatessen (now boarded up) they would write the tape through their fingers and say, "Data are coming," or "Volpox was weak." When the trading volume picked up, the tape would move faster, sometimes dropping digits in minutes of panic or euphoria. The rain was taught us about Wall Street went to work in 1937. To communications have come three years that September year, he said, "Sometimes the tape would actually call for twenty minutes. About this was on conditioning and all the windows were open, and on a summer day you could smell the length of Wall Street and hear nothing but the rattle of bicyclists down through the open windows above."

For generations, the commission on trading were fixed by the stock exchanges. Brokers could make money in markets or down, the order were clipped in both directions. (The oldest job on Wall Street has a banker showing the margin of profits to a customer—there's a P. Morgan's partner is Hamilton's. When are the arbitrators, yet to be asked the witness.) But the real business started when the capital total money began to grow. It cost very little more to procure in order from Prudential for a hundred thousand shares than from My Jants for ten shares, the rest was profit. So there was plenty of money to

take the institutional manager to the locker game, or even to the Caribbean. There was actually too much money, the customers and the legislators clipped away at the commissions (long power of the exchanges, and by 1970 it was gone. When the commissions were cut to a nail, as the saying is, a metaphoric, nail, many firms went out of business. Now the saying is, some of them, are being bought by their former customers—Prudential and American Express and Sears, for example. The financial supermarket has suddenly arrived; you can write checks on stocks in all different sides of the same market. Merrill Lynch, Wall Street's own original supermarket, has been expanding into real estate and insurance.

Times have been good recently for the underwriters of securities because they have been so bad for the rest of the economy. Money has not been sitting in the banks, and their motivations have been going through a real crisis. Right now, money is not out of the banks. Many investors then turn to Wall Street to sell some bonds for them—or some stock of their stock has performed well enough to support such a sale. So underwriters of bonds and stocks have done well, indeed, but none that a nation on the sales. The partners of successful underwriting houses made well into the figures.

The retail customers have done less well. The last retail savings were where they were fifteen years ago, though some pockets of the market have performed quite handsomely.

Like the 1840s and the 1890s, this is a money-creation era. The business is schools are being with applicants who want a road map to Galveston, who want to get on the yellow brick road to the Emerald City. The perhaps may be uncomfortable on the suburban, but in the parked driving points use the it's search floor it is still the Emerald City. The customers may be everywhere, and the thing may be better in Denver and the living area in San Francisco, but the deals are cut in New York.

"If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere," as the lyrics of "New York, New York." "I want to wake up in the city that doesn't sleep, to feel its long of the hill—" That's the spirit that has attracted young men and women to Wall Street. Some times I am not sure it will survive the age of Sears. But the process has been around so long now that it seems unbelievable not to have both the history and the spirit of Wall Street continue.

ANAN SMITH is the author of *The Money Game*, *Supermoney*, *Power of Mind*, and *Power Money*.

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SPORTS CLINIC

BY JOHN SLOTE

THE SOCIAL SPORT

Everyone plays softball, few play it right

A FEW summers ago, I played for two softball teams that, called Radio Sports, was made up of athletic, serious guys. We were informed and prepared reading reports on other teams. But though we won most games by sheer runs, we were unhappy. I always felt our team competed not only against its opponents but against the game itself. We tried to take ourselves more seriously than the sport would let us.

The members of the other team I played on that summer were visitors on a magazine for which I worked part-time. At four-thirty in the afternoon we would start changing into T-shirts and jeans, and then we would all take the elevator downstairs and make our way to the field. Our levers, one of the players that played in the parks those afternoons (a professionally trained that someone else's right fielder rubbed shoulders with your shortstop), was a rocky launch. Our beer tasted cold and metallic. The set director, in right field, kept dropping fly balls and getting angry.

The catcher's head was good as dead, and the pitcher wasn't back, but, still, we rarely won a game. I didn't know it then, but that mattered to me. I used to know the park with a nagging feeling in my stomach, a feeling I did not like or understand.

Softball is the game of baseball made less challenging. It is a social sport, since everyone can play it. But when we play the game, we also admit that we can't be everything we want to be—baseball is too good (and difficult) for us. And yet, though easier, softball can be good, too. If the players know how to play their positions, the game can be played hard at the same time. It needn't sacrifice the social aspect that is perhaps its greatest virtue. Somewhere between my magazine team (I didn't even have a name) and Radio Sports, there exists the ideal softball team—a team mature enough to be sociable and innocent enough to play to win.



NO POSITION walks more from the changes that turn baseball into softball than do those of pitcher and catcher. The pitcher's bag, difficult baseball delivery because an underhand, up with a swollen ball. The catcher no longer has to guard the bases against theft, since in softball there is no base stealing. Thus a team of mind athletes will stick its less accomplished players at these positions, where—their pride wounded—they suffer. No good can come of this. The battery is essential to the team.

At the core of the best softball game is a pitcher who pitches well enough that the other team isn't in any to lose rather than win. It is difficult to strike too many batters out, but a pitcher can at least make batters earn their hits and spare his outfielders the indignity of having to run into the neighborhood game's infield to retrieve home runs. And, depending on the amount of available rules allow, the pitcher can get clever: he can deliver a slippery

dropping ball that falls to earth at the back of the catcher's mitt, or a level-level—a pitch that forces the batter to go back on his heels. Or the pitcher can throw to a point just above the batter's front kneecap on the outside corner of the plate, forcing him to lunge forward for the pitch. While in softball a pitcher cannot hope to dominate the game as he can in baseball, he can—by throwing accurately, by holding his own position aggressively, by trying to cover first, for example, every time the first baseman has to make a play on a hit ball—give his team and the game an edge.

No one wants to be the catcher. It's dirty, dangerous, and uncomfortable back there. But there is much to be made of the catcher's unique relationship with the game. Only he looks out at the whole theater of action. Only he can speed up or slow down the tempo of the game by holding the ball between pitches. Only he can—and must—be responsible for making sure the

outfielders are in their correct positions and that everyone knows how many outs there are and where the play is going. The man also wants to see that the pitcher is properly positioned, or batted, and that he does not fly off the handle if he does not like a call. In short, the catcher takes charge of things. He must also take charge of himself, taking care to protect himself with a cup and to keep his throwing hand in a fist while the pitch is coming to avoid jammed fingers from foul hits. No one else will look out for him.

In my experience, the defensive player who handles the most chances (and handles them most appreciably) is the shortstop. Thus it is a good thing that there are shortstops in this world, wearing their workshirts and looking sharp, tossing away loose problems, and mending themselves to come swooping gracefully in on a ground ball before they face it to first in a crowd of dust. Elsewhere in the infield, one need not be as fancy; a little little cour-

THE IDEAL SOFTBALL TEAM PLAYS LIKE A TEAM. IT KNOWS HOW TO WHIP THE BALL AROUND THE HORN AFTER AN OUT, KNOWS WHO TAKES WHOSE THROW, WHO COVERS WHAT BAG WHEN.

age, hustle, and aggressiveness will do that for any outfielder, the trick is to get in front of the ball, to keep your eyes on it, and to take control in whatever way you can. At that you've got time to field the ball off your chest before you make the long, hard, fast throw to first. At second base, most of your throw is relatively easy, good-as-day deep and accurate your throw, you've got time to drop in your knees to field a ground ball. But at first base the most important thing is to not drop good throws and to not play rigid in the box. You must be at the batter's feet, ready to get to the two-time second on an inside throw that might have been stopped had you gotten your body out of the drop at it.

If for some reason your team does not have a shortstop and you outplay there, you should try your best to play shortstop for a few games. You're not only going to have to play like a shortstop, you'll have to look like one, too. What success or failure in the field depends on your ability to move off the field of your feet, go in to your left and right, to field the ball cleanly and those in one right motion—on a typically weekly, unscripted softball field, it's that dash of victory your team will win on most.

THINGS TEND TO GET A BIT MORE COMPLEX in the outfield. To play out there, you have to learn to judge the flight of taking softballs, learn to get a jump on the ball that is, at least, yourself you see or another player's really early on to be the usual. It makes all the better's work, learn to come in based on ground balls and go back on long flies without getting all excited up and confused. You have to learn to run easily on the front of your feet to catch the ball in your glove. It's a matter of timing over the outfield ground with your eyes following the ball, you'll actually feel the catch quickly beneath you and see your vision go bounding off it somewhere the ball is. In the matter of the outfield, a good idea to take ground balls down is to come in, then as it is in the air behind you if the ball hits a runner to back and stop your glove. Good outfielders know the earth they know that a low drive landing on back, they ground between high, low. A good outfielder can lead his fly ball at the same time he is building momentum for his throw. A good outfielder can even take base runners are thinking he is going to catch a ball that is really going to take on a runner.

You can learn to do these things, to glide like a gazelle and ready to stop a ball that is your own while reaching far over your shoulder that to be an outfielder in a game, you must have a computer not only of

balls and space but of mind. For having would among after coming for some action in the outfield, having several more and time again to the swing of the bat only to see an infielder get the play, having been stretched for him anyone for far too long with nothing all of it, it will inevitably be your first reaction, when at last the ball comes toward you, you may, to think "How much, how quickly then it would be after all this waiting around doing nothing I missed this ball." Then you are in trouble.

To play the outfield, you must use the wisdom to make the play. You must think. You must make the play in your mind before it comes up in real life. You must know at every moment exactly what is going on, how many calls there are, where the runner are, where they'll be headed by the time you get a ground ball through the infield starts toward you. You must determine every possibility. If you do, and the moment comes to make a play, does it will be time to sit back and let it happen. If all will come to you, you must be ready to do so. Little Spanish said around the bases like poppers, you wouldn't, catch the ball, and come up throwing without a runner's location, and then you will watch as the ball sails through the air to first, where your teammate will casually and the runner on his way from first.

THE IDEAL softball team plays like a team. It knows how to whip the ball around the horn after an out, knows how to play the ball in from the outfield, knows who takes whose throw, who covers what bag when. That's what you must work toward the unity that happens when you hear the sound of one another's voices in the field, when you feel your side.

In softball is the offensive team's task to crack the fielding team's defense. For the team that's up to bat, that means getting the ball in play, forcing the action, and making the team a better team. Pitch the ball out over the shortstop, make the left fielder throw you out at second. The move the other guys have to throw and catch the ball, the more often your team will come home plate. (And don't forget to teach the batter, pitch your most fast against the middle corner of the bag for batting power.)

Like the pitcher and the catcher on defense, the softball batter must live with the knowledge that his whole game has been and should be taken away. It is that knowledge, I think, that causes one to hug and overwork at the plate, that causes one's concentration to collapse just so that bag, hit, reaction target comes sliding up before one's eyes. Practice,

patience, concentration, a continuous view of the ball, a loose and level swing—all this is important, as a batter you must be humble, respect the game, and maintain all the fundamentals. Swing for ground balls before pop-ups, and line drives before long, high flies. Let the other team make the difficult play.

The goal in softball is to keep always pressure in the other guys. That's the way to score runs. But the more pressure you put on your opponents, the more pressure you put on the game itself. In some cases, the way you create the game to win. There are some pressures you can take.

When there are no surprises, it is important to approach the contest wisely, to be fully in with plenty of rules and regulations and formal agreements. Everyone may be looking through at the game's beginning, but how well they're feeling when the score is 2-2 at the last inning and someone tries a squeeze play? Likewise, sooner or later someone is bound to get the hot lines to the test or sudden change, and along with allowed. Even the most athletic players must have their inner personalities. Standards for what constitutes a ball and a strike must be rigidly maintained. There has to be no accepted way of making "out" and "in" calls at the bases, and there have to be bases. The anchored, common type of bag is still the base worth getting. Second base is a rubber slab. After that your choice dwindle. A T-shirt gets tangled up in one's feet. A person can be out of the game and a crack in the dirt is hard to find to see.

Softball is a social sport, but what one remembers from a softball game is not only the society but the spirit, and one's own performance. Thinking back to playing on the magazine team, I can still see myself popping up to third one time in Central Park. Remembering the Metro Sports team, I think of the time I hit a pitch right between the bases for a home run, the smiling just before the run came, and then everyone else for cheer.

I think of the night games we played down by the East River, a cool drift blowing by left field, and how we once played a series of women's professional baseball players, stretching out a single, I hit into the bleachers at second and was safe. I remember last night. I think of the time we played a team sponsored by Microsoft, the players, who arrived in his own limousine and stayed. Afterward he stayed out on the field by himself, leaving the players because he could not beat the score. I had doubled off him twice.

JANIS SCOTT is a journalist and fiction writer who lives in New Jersey.

AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

THE FORTUNATE

You'll know them by their smiles, their enthusiasm, and something in their eyes

IN PRIVATE. During Room No. 9 of Chicago's Palmer House hotel, twenty men and women are playing at a game. They are playing with a certain degree of passion; the room is filled with shouts and groans and

On the surface, that is surprising. Nothing exceptional seems to be going on here. There is an old propped up against the front of the room, with letters of the alphabet taped across its top. There is a portable wheel, which, when spun, rotates and then stops at various points denoting dollar denominations. There are three casually dressed people who appear to be in charge.

The atmosphere in the room is unusually tense. And perhaps it should be for the men and women who are playing, this will be only their two solid minutes of the most important half hour of their lives.

IT TALKS from the weekend at over a million dollars and contracts will have passed through the room. Head of Pioneer, an NBC television division game show, has decided that its pool of available players has just about worn out in the southern California area. So the show's producers have come here to recruit prospective contestants from the Midwest.

The game, as seen on television, is fairly simple. Three people at a time compete in an electronic version of the old children's game "Angryman," in which one contestant speaks words by guessing letters one by one. The winner of each televised round gets to select from an array of merchandise that displayed onstage.

I decided that our viewers had seen enough loved faces from Los Angeles," says Nancy Jones, the show's producer. "There is a certain California look and attitude we're trying to get away from. So here we are."

Jones has heard all the theories about the greed and money lust that drives pro-



ple to try to appear on game shows. She doubts such theories are wrong, according to Jones, there is a single dynamic at work.

"The motivating factor is not money, and the motivating factor is not fame," she says. "The motivating factor is that people want to be on television. To be on television is, to most people, the ultimate American experience. Our contestants know that they are unlikely to walk away from the show with very much in terms of merchandise."

"We don't even pay our contestants' ways to California. They don't care. They're happy to pay their own expenses. All they want to do is be on national television once in their lives."

IN PRIVATE. During Room No. 9, the name Howard of Pioneer said members who are making the tryouts—Paul Gilbert, Tony Pandolfo, and James Sokolowski—are explaining to the contestants what will happen next.

"In a moment, we're going to leave the room," Pandolfo says. "We're going to talk about how you did, and then we're going to come back in and read off a list of names. If you hear your name called, we would like you to stay in the room a little bit longer. If you don't... well, we'd like you to sort of not stay in the room."

A man calls out: "Name that when someone wins the jewelry, you always say that they got a gift certificate. Does that mean it's not the most precious jewelry we use on the show?"

"That's right," Pandolfo says. "You can select your own jewelry. And we deliver our prizes anywhere in the United States. Right to the house. Actually, at the house, not just on the curb. The only thing we ask is that all the prizes be sent to one address. You can't have this stuff shipped sent to your house, and the winners come to your Aunt Mabel's in Cleveland."

The rules read: He does not know it, but he has already won. From the tryout game, Pandolfo, and Sokolowski have made notes about contestants whom he to "shoot" the most enthusiastic, brightest, and likeliest. The man with the question is not one of them.

MARY PARKER, twenty-five, with co-punter, mother of two, has paid \$10 for a round-trip TWA ticket from Kansas City to the show's headquarters in Los Angeles.

"I saw their announcement that they would be in Chicago," she says. "I always play along with the game on TV, and in home I always say, 'With the two ladies I never get out, but I had to come here to try.'"

Many of the prospective contestants echo her sentiment. In the room, they are women, the majority of whom speak most of their time made their homes. This is to be expected, to be a *Wheel of Fortune* host, you must be home during the day.

"I know I'm going to be picked," says Sandy Burnell, twenty-seven, of Elgin, Ill.

granted. Just like the PR exec who takes us a coal-miner's account and suddenly reverses his view on air-quality standards.

There is no logic by which these things can be explained—except the logic of self-willed blindness. Hardly any job puts one. During the Vietnam War, the guy who was working in a capsule factory had his buddies, his coffee breaks, his betting pools on football scores—just like anybody else. The marketing strategist who hypes a product that contains carcinogens still gets on a clean start in the morning, goes to work in his gleaming, high-rise, and stays in bed by one half of a nice guy in other aspects of his life. People are not, after all, defined solely by their jobs—which is not the same as saying they're not responsible for the consequences of their jobs.

Still, there are always excuses to be made. There are blanket disclaimers such

as "Someone's gotta do it" or "It's legal, and that's enough for me." But because integrity goes further, many of us have our personal occasions as well. Through much of my twenties, as I was groping around to start my career, I did a lot of very cheery writing—reviews of soft-core porn and, worse, many features for a sensationalist rag that, if it didn't exactly advocate rape, certainly made it sound like fun. My excuse? I also had my real work, and this other thing allowed me to keep body and soul together while practicing my craft. No excuses go, I liked mine, but that doesn't change the fact that the writing was trashy.

Not everyone makes excuses for the devil's work they do. Some people, making excuses for themselves, go merrily to hell without making a single disclaimer. One of the most popular, bawdy berts I have ever known was also, in a warped

sort of way, one of the most honest. He was a freelance writer for a major market-research firm. He knew his interviewees were fudging data—making up responses, that sort of thing—because he also knew that they could barely make a living if they didn't. He further understood that his clients were paying so much money for the research that of course they'd believe in its validity. The capper was that he also realized that decisions based on the research would, in a small but real way, affect the quality of life of the entire public. And yet the man was unshaken. His attitude—dryly stated in a review—was that the function of the field department was to bring the data in as efficiently and economically as possible. If they were the wrong data, well, it'd be passed out in the end. This guy was himself as a pragmatic businessman.

I see him otherwise. I see him as a

moral scold, a man who, faced by difficult circumstances, took the easy plunge rather than trying to find a decent way out.

BUT IS there a decent way out? Short of retreating to the hinter and living on roots and grout, is there a way to avoid even the occasional breath with devil's work?

I don't it, frankly. Things are too thoroughly intertwined. Let's say a fellow does a perfectly moral job for a company that's owned by a conglomerate with an objectionable component or two, however briefly, he's tainted. Albert Calverley, I am in the employ of everyone who advertises in this magazine; what if I have ethical grapes with some of them? I'm stuck. Each of us is dependent for his paycheck on a vast network of forces, not all of which are blameless—and to share in the rewards is to share in the taint.

Still, there are degrees of complexity, and the degrees matter. Historically, the goal for almost the standard is not to maintain a virgin to the compromises the world insists on us but to keep a hands-up moral awareness of where we draw the line.

Sometimes it takes a profound disillusionment to show us where the line is. My wife started out to be a nurse. In college she worked on a cancer study in which a large pharmaceutical house expressed interest. Her job, basically, was to determine which of two anesthetic systems was more effective in charting the uptake of certain drugs. Near the end of her studies she reported the system she preferred—the wrong system as far as the company was concerned, since it was developing a product line in the other technique. Though supposedly impartial consultant, my wife was asked if she couldn't refuse

her conclusions. "I couldn't believe it," she says, still mystified at the recollection. "That was amazing."

She decided to change her major and, a short time later, found up his job. She now works in advertising—and the irony of having dropped out of cancer research on moral grounds only to end up in an industry whose whole business expediency is not wasted on her. "You know," she says, "business may be just a big game, but at least people accept the need for rules. Sometimes it's in the ultra-sensuous things that are above the rules where the playing gets the dirtiest."

And maybe she's onto something there. The first step in fighting the good fight against devil's work is realizing that the devil can take a hand in any game. **LORENCE SWANSON** is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY *Buying a Piece of Old New York*



One morning last week, a stranger waiting to sell a pair of splendid nineteenth-century globe lanterns appeared at Urbane Architecture, 406 Spring Street, on possums speculating in bits and pieces of New York City architecture and ornament. (G) Shapiro, proprietor of the store, was suspicious. "There are my lanterns they'd been ripped out of a fine old city building," he explained. "I just didn't know which building."

Shapiro did not buy the lanterns, but he did not let them walk out, months later, in a Los Angeles auction catalog. Still he did not know their source. There one evening this spring he was doing with an architect charged with recycling the recent, spectacularly bankrupt police headquarters building just a few blocks away

on Lafayette Street. Finally, he needed the architect, he could get back two globe lanterns that were once in the lobby. The next day Shapiro was on the phone to Los Angeles, trying to track down the purchaser of the lanterns, and chances are good that when police headquarters opens its new gates (perhaps as a branch, those lanterns will again be glowing in the lobby). While items like those lanterns are old-time, it is trouble for a person to own a piece of the historic Apple Corporation. Such a desire is not limited to looks. It often seems that the farther away one who dines on the city lives, the stronger the desire to own a piece of it. Several shops in Manhattan specialize in what may be called New Yorkisms. The most spectacular of these is Urban Archaeology, an eight-

room space in a civil-war era building, which sells—sometimes at exorbitantly fancy prices—items that only a few years ago would have been scorned, blamed, or bulldozed in the haste to create the new. At the granger end of the scale, U.A. offers an eight-foot copper Statue of Liberty for \$20,000. And although a price hasn't been set yet, one can purchase a magnificent Hudson-area circa 1900. Any number of rusted and carved armchairs, chests, chairs, and gargoyles are available here at prices as low as \$15. Most are better and not nearly as heavy as they look.

There are, in well, a number of lovely hardwood columns and pillars rescued from the Dodge Mansion, which until 1977 stood on Fifth Avenue just south of the Plaza Hotel. Much easier to take home would be any of a collection of nineteenth-century brass doorknobs, formerly scattered upon rows of schools.

And if the metal bits, there are doorknobs, mannequins with a 19th-century of the Biltmore Hotel. **PRINTS OF THE CITY** For a quirky array of city items, you should visit a tiny, cramped-to-the-white-snap old-fashioned Williams in New York, at 20 Avenue Street in Greenwich Village. Owner Joe Coppa has amassed, for starters, an unsurpassed collection of old portraits of the city—some as late as 1900—conveniently reduced by subject (Coney Island, Riverside Drive, etc. on). Most cost less than a dollar.

The large art store the shop, as well as the most expensive (\$1,000), is a five-foot-high Italian-language map of the city's history, vintage 1935, of the shattering Florida LaGuardia (CAPRINO DEL POPOLLO). As

often the case, this one was "sold" into the shop by the superintendent of a nearby building, who had found it rolled up in the basement. Coppa generously returned the sold poster. "If nobody wants to buy it," he says, "it's the better. I loved it."

In keeping with his own interests, Coppa's stock is weighted toward the earlier decades of this century—particularly the Depression era. Though his shop is only three and a half years old, he has managed to get hold of press photos from the activists of several newspapers that survived the Depression but did not survive television. And thanks to a wealth of prints and negatives he rescued from defense archives and a photographic studio, Coppa can offer an exclusive collection of city views. They include a portrait of Sheep Meadow in Central Park circa 1915, complete with grazing sheep (\$25).

Coppa has a collection of prints of photos made in the Twenties through the Fifties by Anthony LaGuardia, a famous New York Sun photographer who liked to stick close to the waterfront. Among them are several great signs at the French liner Normandie arriving in New York on her maiden voyage in 1935. There is, in well, a startling photo of a stamp-like Pissarro LaGuardia formerly welcoming a lowly, craggy Charles de Gaulle to the city. Fortified by several other prints, custom-made and signed by LaGuardia (now seventy-eight years old), cost \$200 each.

Coppa also has a pile of copies of The New York Times from the Thirties, especially printed on rag paper. In these precious days, they served the reference. On the front page for March 27, 1939, one finds that Walter completed his

SPECIAL PLACES Choice Spots for Jazz



New York has more jazz clubs than any other city in the world, but since they are among the few vestigial reminders of an era when such venues were a major source of urban entertainment, they exist under a misapprehension: it is often assumed that a jazz club is the ideal place to ingest a drink, consume a date, conduct a stag party, or play pocket Scrabble. The best jazz spots, however, take issue from their more sensuous patrons and discourage such distractions. At most of these places are owned or operated by fans rather than by the house buffers of yore: they are trim, attractive, and low-key (musician, not casually trained, guests are well-timed, waters and waitresses are plentiful) once the music begins.

Here is a roundup on the best of the downtown clubs, presenting the broadest variety of mainstream-modern jazz. Omitted are places that specialize in Dixie, blues, direct beats, singers, piano-bass duos, and fusion. At all the clubs there are pitmanas and cover charges, often as little as \$1.00. For more information, see the listings on page 100. For a complete list of recommended spots (especially an exhaustive one), you can usually rely for a second cut unless it's sold out.

Most seated bars for the club's procession of mainstream-modern musicians, including Jimmy Moody, Buddy Tate, Budd Johnson, and Pharoah Sanders. Mondays are reserved for newcomers, and weekend afternoons offer special double bills (masterpiece Doc Cheatham often presides). The Continental menu is worth investigating, and the atmosphere is implacably cheerful. A few more blacks down Seventh Avenue. South on number 20 brings you to a place called **Seventh Avenue South**, with its minky bar decor and jazz club up one flight. Business Ready and Michael Brecker (two pieces of the New York stratos) are among the stars; the lineup features many studio musicians who don't often play in clubs, plus some devilish fusion. But in addition to strong attractions like Max Roach and Shonni Jackson, Seventh Avenue South boasts a rare live all-star band. The excellent sound system is turned up a bit too high, but it and the stark design of the small room—all tables forced equally on the stage—create an intense focus.

Just off Sixth Avenue, the **Blue Note** (330 West Third Street) is establishing itself as a lively mainstream venue, with a fringe that encompasses the blues (Henry Carter), the boss (Al Cohn and Zoot Sims), and the tastefully modern (Frankie Hahn). The setting is as sophisticated as you feel sophisticated when the sound is crystal clear in the main room, if rather distant when you're off by the bar.

On the corner of Bleecker and Thompson streets is the city's swank and most adventurous full-time jazz club, **Lush Life**. It has established players like Dexter Gordon and Cecil Taylor, as well as the accompaniment, no less. **Rockefeller** (150 Ave. of the Americas) through-Saturday slot, and **Rockefeller** (150 Ave. of the Americas) through-Saturday slot, and **Rockefeller** (150 Ave. of the Americas) through-Saturday slot.

At night, the club is a must-see. Every Sunday evening, the club is a must-see. Every Sunday evening, the club is a must-see. Every Sunday evening, the club is a must-see.

erribly warm, with red drapery and wood paneling, and the food is excellent. The bar is close enough to the bandstand to provide a good vantage point for listening, tables in the room, however, are somewhat removed from the action.

Perhaps the most sophisticated scene for jazz is **Fat Tuesday's** (390 Third Avenue), which, though increasingly conservative in its booking policy, gets big names that rarely appear in other clubs, such as McCoy Tyner, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, and Milt Jackson. Fat Tuesday's is also famed for its weekly "Swinging" (the name of the club's weekly jazz sessions) and the menu consists of fusion from the jazz world (Tuesday's) and fusion from the jazz world (Tuesday's).

Without a doubt, the most current jazz scene is **Jazz Forward** (344 Broadway) and **Jazz Forward** (344 Broadway) and **Jazz Forward** (344 Broadway).

On the corner of Bleecker and Thompson streets is the city's swank and most adventurous full-time jazz club, **Lush Life**. It has established players like Dexter Gordon and Cecil Taylor, as well as the accompaniment, no less. **Rockefeller** (150 Ave. of the Americas) through-Saturday slot, and **Rockefeller** (150 Ave. of the Americas) through-Saturday slot.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GALT



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THE SEASONED COOK Chasing Cheesecake



The cheesecake-to-be loved and respected by New Yorkers is a delicately rich, dense, solid, heavy as lead, delicious. The smooth, silky, moist texture is chewy enough that part of every bite sticks to the fork and the seal of the mouth, and the flavor is at once sweet and sour with just the right hint of vanilla and citrus. The light-golden crust is a buttery, sugary pastry that is sheer (all to apply evenly to the springform pan in which the cake is correctly baked).

Only cheesecake made with cream cheese, sugar, eggs, and heavy cream is true New York cheesecake, any filling containing cottage cheese, pot cheese, ricotta cheese, sour cream, yogurt, fruit, artificial sweeteners, or half-and-half is automatically disqualified. The real *Man Does* not have a crumb-crust, nor is it baked in a loafpan, mold, or pie plate. It is set, light, fluffy, airy, spongy, grainy, or dry, and if the traces of lemon and vanilla are more than barely detectable, the cake is wrong.

Although it has always been permissible to top New York cheesecake with a cherry, blueberry, strawberry, or pineapple glaze, active adulteration is only the plain version, leaving the others for tourists. The usual New York and great New York cheesecake is such that no matter how weak

your appetite or how gaily you feel about containing some one hundred calories a wedge or how much you fight not to scrape up every sticky morsel, you succumb every time.

Now, I must insist that, for some strange culinary or psychological reason, eating New York cheesecake anywhere but in New York is almost as weird an experience as trying to savor a hot corned beef with brown mustard on top in Singapore. Look, it just doesn't taste right—even when it's supported from below New York. Over the years, I've sampled the highly touted cheesecakes at the Cosmo in the Bronx, Hill's Hotel and at Zaky's in Santa Monica, at Pampers in Miami, at Sals in Newport, and at all those other famous places where starved New Yorkers attempt to cure their homesickness. It's over the same. Maybe the water or altitude in these locations has some effect on the cake, or maybe there's something incongruous about eating cheesecake in surroundings that lack the proper mood, level, aroma, and degree of luxury.

Nevertheless the New Yorker's expert in a great deli or steak house. Whatever the reason, though, I've commented repeatedly that New York cheesecake, like San Francisco spaghetti sauce and Texas hot-bean burrito, is a food to be sought after and consumed

only on its home territory.

Of course, things have never really been the same since the closing of the original Lindy's and other legendary cheesecake emporiums, and it gave everybody a big scare when Janaro's in Brooklyn burned down last year. His place is now heavily insured, but most experts agree that for absolute authenticity, Sals is the place (which supplies cheesecake to such popular steak houses as the Palm, Chateau Cella, and Sparks). Janaro's (which distributes in Manhattan at Barons candy stores and at all Food Emporium supermarkets), and Tuff are New York's Rolls-Royce cheesecake makers. Some people swear by Ruby Watson's cheesecake, others by the elegant mouth product at Pampers's Things, and still others by the old-fashioned beauties served at the Stage Deli-cakes and at Rauer's Dairy restaurant. In recent years there has been a lot of talk about the cheesecakes sold at Miss Gumble and at a little-known East Side pastry shop called Delicious la Casa Italiana.

Well, I personally have no use for the Salsos, Pampers, Delicious (Miss Gumble) cake; its flavor isn't rich enough and it doesn't have a real crust. I've even suggested that the lovely cakes, overly moist, two-hour-a-slice gas at Delicious la Casa Italiana is the same cheesecake as that once served at Lindy's. I claim that none of us, including the 21st New York Times after the recipe was published in downright ludicrous.

As it happens, I am one of the few enthusiasts anywhere who possesses the original, genuine, and authentic Lindy's cheesecake recipe. Before this is all always will be the quintessential New York cheesecake, I can only take great pleasure in sharing with the world the recipe that, nearly years ago, my father only obtained for my mother one evening by palming our longtime maid's worthy, young, brown, a crisp tea spoon. Even the most skeptical of cheesecake lovers consider this recipe de-

licious. Follow the directions to the letter, ladies, and enjoy.

LINDY'S CHEESECAKE

Pastry:

- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- Dash vanilla
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 stick butter, softened

Filling:

- 2½ lbs. cream cheese, some low-fat
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 tbsp. flour
- 1½ tsp. each grated lemon and orange rind
- ¼ tsp. vanilla
- 5 eggs
- 2 egg yolks
- ¼ cup heavy cream

In a large mixing bowl combine flour, sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Mix in well in the center, add egg yolk and butter, and mix with your hands until well blended, adding a little cold water if too dry to make a workable dough. Wrap in plastic or waxed paper and chill one hour in refrigerator.

In another large mixing bowl cream the cheese with an electric mixer, add sugar, flour, lemon and orange rind, and vanilla, and beat well. Add eggs and egg yolks one at a time, beating lightly after each addition. Add heavy cream, beat lightly, and mix well.

Preheat oven to 400°. Butter the base and sides of a nine-inch springform pan and remove the top from the pan. Roll out about one-third of the dough one-eighth-inch thick, fit it over the bottom of the pan, and trim by running a rolling pin over the edges. Bake fifteen minutes, or until golden, then cool. Increase heat to 350°. Place the top of the pan over the base. Roll remaining dough one-eighth-inch thick, cut a strip to fit almost to the top of the sides of the pan, and press so that the strips for the sides completely fill pan with cheese mixture. Bake for one hour, reduce heat to 300°, and continue baking one hour.

To serve, remove the top of the pan very carefully and cut the cake into twelve wedges.

—Jill Willis



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THE DRINKING MAN Honest Bars



Most of a drinking man's life is spent in places where there's no real action, a place where you want to have your attention focused right in front of you, on the liquor and the talk. You don't go there for strawberry daiquiris or quiche and white wine, for racially bawdy, or for girls in tight jeans and short skirts.

Rather, you go to a drinking bar to explain yourself to whoever is across from you. You want to feel fierce and smart. You want a place where with a heavy hand and beer in their mugs or cold sweet-toothies. Drinking bars are places where the individual is not concerned, philosophers declared, cynics never looked, heartbreakers never, success was never, and failure was never. New York is dotted with such places, but you have to walk there, not be taken by the seduction of the smoky, cluttered atmosphere in being lured in glass and obscured by hanging plants. There are a few scores this range.

The White Horse Tavern, on the corner of Hudson and Eleventh streets, is a venerable place that has existed to a constantly changing neighborhood for more than a century. The bar dates from 1850, and the clock set in the wall from before that. The perennial

head of a white horse juts over the bar like the signhead on the prow of a ship. Dylan Thomas made the White Horse into a landmark, and a memory of his unrelenting thirst, there are photographs of the poet on the walls of the back room. In his day it was a joint for hard drinkers, longshoremen from the nearby piers, and strident bohemians, but the present clientele is mostly middle-class and easy, actors and actresses from the Village and a few carefully well-dressed tourists.

Fenella's Cafe, on the corner of Prince and Mercer streets in Soho, is a shabby and lovely old place, a real scotch-filled room of a bar that caters to the larger-than-life crowd, most of whom seem to be in a rage at something they've just read in *The New York Review of Books*. It's one of the oldest in the White Horse, dating from the 1850s; the front door's small cut-glass panes, the crating bins, and the pressed tin walls make you think of the world before the war.

The Old Tavern Bar, on Eighth Street between Broadway and Park Avenue South, was built in 1882 on a grand scale. The ceilings must be at least fifteen feet high; the booths that line one entire wall are elegant and first-rate; the aging masonry all over the place. The stall in the men's

room is made of what looks to be mahogany. But the grandeur has faded. With all its vaunted glass, it appears to be a once elegant spot that has faded from grace, a curious Sunset Boulevard of a bar.

Journalists hangout at Casselle's, which is on Forty-fourth Street near Second Avenue, around the corner from the Daily News building. After work, big large front room fills up and drinkers mill around like mad. There aren't any tables, but the bar is long and people don't seem to mind queuing. The regulars are very protective of the place. They would be outraged if they would kill me. Still, it is one of the friendliest enough.

One of the truly ranking things about drinking in New York is that it's getting harder and harder to find a patcher of beer. The Dublin House

(Seventy-seventh Street between Broadway and Amsterdam) is only one, there but has them cheap—four bottles. They also serve six-ounce glasses of beer for forty cents. This is about the pinkest bar there is, not covering the deceptively gaudy room bars above the front door. It's old, well kept, daily lit, smoky, and sports a hint of crack-smoked regulars who don't seem to mind the advice of some young customers. Finally, I found it. The Dublin House is my neighborhood bar, and it's disappointing to hear beer is going to be scarce in it, so they do on weekends. That night of the week, school nights, it is still a place in which it is possible to carve a drinking hole, a place where, with the aid of beer and talk, you can become the center of the world. —Bruce Weber

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW How to Think About Decorating

There are few broader experiences than finally taking possession of the apartment or house for which you've been negotiating. There are few moments more disconcerting than turning the lock on the door and confronting the empty space to which you are now committed.

In a way, decorating is like dressing. You can go the safe route—three-piece suit, belt, tie-down shirt, club tie, wing tips—and simply fill your home with such acceptables as three-seater sofa, wall-to-wall carpet, matching club chairs, pleated draperies. Or you can force your place into any one of a number of stereotypes: very stark, very laconic, out-of-a-parking, model-room copy, lots of linens, anything goes; and so on. But the best looks in fashion, the best looks in decorating are thought-out but not forced,

directed but not imposed, practical but not bland.

APPRAISING THE JOB

Now is the time to think three-dimensionally (before you're lured by the convenience of two dimensions, two-dimensional sets). Actually turning the time to assess the place before anything is moved in is a tremendous advantage. Notice the volume of your room, the proportions, ceiling height, exposure to natural light at different times of day, any architectural detailing or special characteristics (carving or molding on the walls, ceiling beams, wide floorboards). These are the natural arena or limitations of the room, and your decorating decisions should be made with an eye to how various treatments maximize the strong points and minimize the weak ones. For instance, windows that admit lots of daylight should be light-

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Man At His Best



dressed, if at all—unless privacy or heat is a factor. If a room suffers from low ceilings, emphasizing verticals (tall bookcases, pendant, vertical blinds) will help correct the effect. If a curved Victorian mantel is among the given, try to make it the focal point of the room.

Next, turn your eye toward yourself. If you like to entertain, you may opt to design your rooms with extra seating capacity, make a buffet arrangement a permanent feature, or demarcate the space for nighttime use with variable lighting. If you're a free-lance—making your own hours and working mostly at home—you may want to knock out the wall between the kitchen and the living room, creating one large living space that incorporates dining, cooking, and entertaining, and convert the dining room into a home office. Put aside the shoehorns and the conventional room labels and rearrange your home to work for you.

DEFINING A STYLE

To design a room is to create a composition. It is a question of creating harmony, a sense of "going together." As a room is put together—by one-sided or various in the center? Think of it as a composition of color, texture, and texture; important to piece into the total, others to support—style is a room livable but doesn't compete for cen-

MATERIALS AND SOURCES

When it comes to structural changes—enlarging a window, repainting between floors, renovating finished basements—it pays to research designers, materials, and workmen carefully and not to skip if you expect high-quality work. In fact, many people elect to perfect the shell of a room and live with less—often with striking results—before going on to provide the most-often-to-touches. Depending on how busy you are and how much of a redo you plan to tackle, you will need to develop little black book of service people: floor refinisher, electrician, upholsterer. A reputable service person is precious, so use each other—your word adds weight to the task and dollars to the budget. Be clear in your specifications, keep designs simple when in doubt, and get detailed agreements in writing.

Most department stores and some specialty stores offer design services—some at no charge, some at a deductible fee if you purchase items through the store. They will custom order, prepare floor plans, and procure watches from the fabric houses. Pick a store based on the style of merchandise it shows, but be aware that its design staff can usually order things you don't see on the selling floor.

Men and women do-it-yourself decorators go to specialty stores not only for their depth of merchandise but also for the services they offer. At Eastern Manners in New York, for example, you can get an overview of all types of carpet, compare a wide range of area rugs, borrow color samples, take advantage of special price reductions, and be matched at last delivery and installation because of huge warehouse facilities. Closet King, with two branches in New York, offers everything you need to create a wardrobe or a standard closet and will work up a blueprint based on your floor plan at no charge. (Closet King is a franchise but its high-quality custom, built a wardrobe on the premises who, for an added 10 percent charge, will make it custom.

tees, table linen, and such from the fabric you purchase there. Even the store's most unskilled furniture slugs have become a big seller. Compare, with these city locations, does make sophisticated custom furniture work, woodworking, and installation to your specifications.

WORKING WITH A PRO

Hiring a designer will preclude the need for organizing much of the store yourself, but you are, of course, trading time for money. Resource editors from people you know are the best source of information, but any designer should supply you, on request, with references and either photos or visits to jobs he has done. Be direct about asking details on fees, even before a first visit, some charge for an initial meeting, some don't. Fees can be based on time, creative input, markup on goods and services purchased, or any combination of the above. Some designers give written estimates and contracts on prospective jobs; some don't. If you are on a tighter budget, there are decorators who will offer a simple one-time consultation based on an hourly fee (starting at about \$50 per hour), for which they will come to your home, help shuffle things around, make suggestions, and possibly even identify some likely sources. The hour's fee may be a design student or recent graduate, check out good schools and get faculty references.

A final word: Resist the urge to rush. Sometimes only by living in a place for a while can you develop a real feeling for how the space should be used—which means possible to stay a month, when the light is best at various times of the year. It's much better to err on the side of living less than to settle yourself through a series of personal decisions and fail to regret it. Decorating is an ongoing process; no house is ever finished—no one should be able to do it all in one go. When you find out and fall in love with the house.

—Elizabeth Moskine

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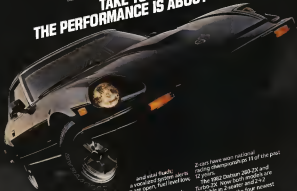
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by Chris Welles

If you're smart,
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you get lucky

STAND AT THE INTERSECTION OF PARK AVENUE AND FIFTY-fourth Street in Manhattan and look south down Park. Within the space of several hundred yards—about the distance between the house and the barn on a Texas ranch—are the headquarters of probably two dozen major corporations (ITT, Pan Am, Seagram, Bristol-Myers, Lever Brothers, to name a few) as well as countless top law firms, accounting firms, management-consulting firms, investment-banking firms, architectural firms, publishing firms, and many other kinds of enterprises. Arrayed in front of you, in two neat rows of tall, stately buildings, is perhaps the greatest concentration of business talent on earth. As you watch this massive slice of metropolitan geography, prosperity is being transacted at the rate of perhaps several hundred billion dollars a year, perhaps a million dollars a minute. Why such concentration? Why is everyone jammed into high-rise Park Avenue skyscrapers when they could be hoarding in less-constrained

Chris Welles is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. Victoria Desilver and Suzanne Child conducted interviews for the article.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that almost half of all automobile occupant fatalities and many serious injuries might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because most injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior or out of the car. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are

afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point

out that even during a 30 mph collision, a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. So please make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

If you're an employer, encourage your employees to wear seat belts. At GM, we've made it a matter of policy that everyone riding in company-owned vehicles is expected to wear lap and shoulder belts.

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recognized?" But she got good cases, did outstanding work, and in 1978 was elected the firm's first woman partner.

It is a curious phenomenon: at the same time who knows how many people like Larry Stein, Patrick Kelly, and Peggy Kent have been leaving for New York, second census data report a mass migration of people and jobs from the Frost Belt to the Sun Belt and a general exodus from large metropolitan areas to small towns.

"Suppose I became the best litigation lawyer in Chicago but I knew there was someone better in New York?"

PROFESSOR MORRIS
CONRADSON

They track that in its interaction with the challenges, comfort, and financial rewards of their work.

In recent years, New York City itself has been widely regarded as the epitome of the sleek. It has been on the brink of bankruptcy. Its ancient infrastructure is crumbling. The crime rate is soaring. "The place is falling apart," Patrick Kelly frets. It's the biggest bang in Rome, 1854 to 1715 the beginning of the end."

However, New York is already a tale of two cities. Like the economy of each of the rest of the United States, but to a far more pronounced degree, New York's has split into very distinct service and manufacturing sectors. The manufacturing sector, which has been the city's traditional economic base, is experiencing the worst of times. Between 1977 and 1981, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the city lost 55,000 manufacturing jobs. The service sector, though, including finance, insurance, and real estate, is having the best of times, with a plus over that four-year period of 250,000 jobs. As Samuel H. Greisdorf, regional economist, notes of labor statistics, put it: "The New York City economy is growing to be more white-collar and professionally oriented than ever."

The city is becoming less a place of tag-along, or telecommute, after information, electronic pulse, microwave, bits and bytes. The Regional Plan Association has estimated that more than half of the \$300 billion in goods and services produced by the city is accounted for by people who produce information, like Kravitz, an economist with the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which over-

sees the city's bridges, tunnels, and port facilities, has observed: "We've taken it into account that produced goods in its domestic exports so are that sells information and its most important components: facts, opinion, persuasion, decisions."

These enterprises suggest a vibrant, entrepreneurial, a place where a sense of being both everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. Yet, again curiously, it is manufacturing, once clustered into large, shaggy, defunct plants, that is taking advantage of economies of scale, that is becoming some of the most vibrant of new industrial technologies and other factors the gigantic steel mills in Pittsburgh and high-tech, high-tech, high-tech plants in Detroit are gradually giving way to nano-mills and nano-plants scattered across the country.

Many kinds of services, meanwhile, are coalescing. Such fields as culture, finance, and the media seem to be almost total monopolies with their own economies of scale, and New York increasingly is the central marketplace for most kinds of information and ideas. While the actual production of many kinds of apparel for which New York was once the world center has migrated to distant locations such as Hong Kong and South Korea, what

one economist has called the "knowledge" of the business—finance and advertising—can only remain in New York but more and more concentrated in New York.

Many of the service fields have their own well-defined local points within the city, the performing arts around Lincoln Center, finance around Wall Street, the media around Rockefeller Center, business on the West Side between Twenty-seventh and Forty-first streets.

Within half a dozen blocks of the intersection of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-first Street are the headquarters for the three major information networks, the country's two largest pay-TV networks, the two largest magazine publishers, and the largest advertising agency (not to mention at least a dozen other major corporations). Two

blocks to the east and five blocks to the north—and directly across the street from each other—are two massive buildings under construction for IBM and AT&T, the largest purveyors and processors of data in the world.

Somewhat, perhaps, ideas will be as plentiful as television signals from satellite and we will all interface through on-line terminals from discreetly dispersed locations. But that day seems far off. For now, people whose careers involve information, and even the broadcasting of that information throughout the world, seem to want—well—face-to-face interface with those of like mind.

Being part of the physical central market in their disciplines, many of the chief executives of the people interviewed for this article work in New York. Says Mary House—at thirty, among the youngest and most ascendant of the city's art-gallery owners—who was raised in Los Angeles: "New York is the center of the art world. It is what Paris was in the Twenties. The primary dealers are here, the artists are here, the great museums are here."

Says Kevin Wade, twenty-eight, whose first play, *King George*, is being staged in New York: "There is the greatest pool of talent in my profession here—New York has the best set designers, producers, actors." Says attorney Allen Pinchbeck, thirty-five, a partner with Covatta, Swaine & Moore: "You can't do what I do, corporate law, anywhere else. The big, innovative transactions are all in New York." Says one veteran banker Edward B. Whitney, thirty-six: "There are very creative people in places like Los Angeles and London, but the deal-makers—those are the big talents."

That is where all the big talents are. The first question that arises when you have just spent eight years as an accountant in Duluth and now seem to come to New York as an investment banker is: "Why did you spend eight years in Duluth?" Says conductor, pianist Maurice Strakosky, thirty-six, who was born in Shanghai, raised in Los Angeles, and now lives on New York's Upper West Side: "People say I was dropped a bomb on these Edison Records [around where he lives], the musical scene would suffer the loss of eighty percent of its top people. If I played guitar anywhere else but New York or London, it'd be because my career was going nowhere. These who are here and so on. Every-one plays here. It doesn't make me nervous if I'm not here."

"There are very creative people in places like Los Angeles, but the big leagues—that's New York."

EDWARD B. WHITNEY
BANKER

several notches and is now weighing the flow of options that enable things to flow. "I got caught up," he says. "Success, he is convinced, is largely the result of 'late or late or late'—the connection of events that leads you to get a job. Sooner or later the right thing comes along."

But it is not this simple, even in right-things-occurring New York. What seems to separate out those who succeed is that they are able to put themselves into positions—jobs, situations, places—where right things are more likely to come along, and when the right thing does come along, they are able to recognize and effectively to capitalize on it. Says Don Ohmer, whose career in television sports took off after a chance encounter with then ABC Sports president Roscoe Ardinger: "You have to have talent, ability and willingness to work. There have to be fresh with the timing being right. People who say they are lucky are looking for excuses."

In short, John Shea, Gary Bender, and Gary Stein got lucky. But a day comes for their success when they had shifted the odds in their favor and made the most of the luck when it came along.

What kinds of people are most able to do this? What does it take to capitalize on the possibilities New York affords?

Personal ambition and the ability to follow passion through the crowd to get close to the action, to turn a situation to

your advantage, to manipulate and control the flow of events and people around you—all of these tend to lead large. After Gary Bender left the Rochester Institute of Technology, he wrote to Arnold Newman, a famous New York portrait photographer, and asked for a job. Newman responded with a curt note saying he wasn't interested. Encouraged? No, the main fact that I had a letter with his signature on it," Bender planned his. The response was the same, and even more curtly expressed. "He first I was depressed," Bender says. "But then I thought, 'That's not it. I actually talked to him.'"

Whenupon Bender picked his portfolio, took a plane to New York, and called Newman from La Guardia. "Good damn. I can't be bothered like this!" Newman snapped. But then he added, "You sound close by." Bender said he was at the airport. Gradually, Newman invited him over. After looking at his work, Newman offered Bender his first New York job.

This incident tallies. Illustrates a characteristic of character in those who make it. They have a powerful confidence in their abilities. They refuse to become discouraged. "A lot of times you don't reach the finish line," Bender says. "You don't reach your energy," says policy expert Mary Bono. "Once I decide to do something, I try to do it. I don't care what people think, and I'm going to be okay in this

situation?" If you really want to do something, you'll do it. Often they refuse to admit failure. Executives often would use as dissonant and debilitating methods, they eventually regard as "winning experiences," in one puts it.

Career switches are common among successful people. Indeed, the plaintiffs at possibilities in New York makes lateral moves between jobs quite easy, and people on the way typically have to be ready to opt for a different path when the first one becomes blocked or unfulfilling. After graduating from New York University Law School, Michael Rubin suddenly signed up with a prestigious Manhattan law firm, but immediately he realized, "I hated law. There's not enough money in the first few years—you're on the front line. A lot of what you're doing is secondary, and at least for the first couple of years, you're supposed to function like a machine."

No problem. He moved smoothly to William Morris, the large talent agency, where he was able to use his legal background to put together TV and film deals.

Now, at thirty-six, he is head of programming for Home Box Office, the country's largest pay-TV service, founded by Time Inc. and supervised a staff of two hundred. "Public taste is fickle," he says, "and the professional's uncertainty of professional is certainly true that that's lawyers. But if everything turns to dust

tomorrow, I think I have transferable skills. I think I could start a good living and maybe go on to greater success."

When Tim Stern was growing up in Memphis, she was determined to go into television. And, after much persuasion, she obtained a job producing a TV show on the local NBC affiliate. "Well, after that," she says, "there was no place left to go in Memphis. So I took it my cousin into coming to New York with me. Literally, we had only a hundred dollars in our pockets." Spending much on the New Jersey Turnpike, they were pulled over by a state trooper. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" the trooper asked. "Why, we're going to New York to go to television. Sam and I recently. 'We've already been discovered,'" said the trooper, went out a letter.

It turned out to be a bad omen. There were no TV jobs to be had. So she changed her focus to writing. "I really enjoyed news writing at the Memphis station. I got on well," she says. She got hired at a job at Western Electric in public relations, which led to Kentucky Fried Chicken as a TV producer and copywriter, which led to Gray Advertising as the agency's first female vice president in sales and education. Since 1972, Stern has been at Gold-Paladino. Now Tina Fisherty and forty-five, she is the director of corporate communications, the highest-ranking woman at the company and the first ever named corporate vice-president. "I have a process in my mind," she says. "If I were to listen to all the doubts that creep in, I'd lock myself in the chair. I just switch them to the back of my mind."

Above all, successful people seem to have an almost incredible faith that, somehow, everything will turn out all right. And while it is not that simple, that faith, to some extent, is self-fulfilling. It helps shift the odds. Says John Shea: "I've always had a great belief, almost a mystical philosophy, that tomorrow will take care of itself, that if you're doing absolutely your best, that will lead to something else. And it did for me. One thing led to another in an effortless pattern of events."

No matter how acute your skill at shifting the odds, success comes much more slowly when you are attempting to slog your way up through the viscous, multi-layered pyramids of large New York corporations. As an executive at American Home Products, the huge drug, food, and household products concern, puts it: "There's no realistic rise. If someone has a job you want, you have to wait. Hopefully, if the person is smart, he'll be promoted, or if he's not smart, he'll be fired or transferred laterally. Or maybe he'll die. But you have to wait."

Yet others have to wait a shorter time than others. Gary Stein and Tina Fisherty are two examples. Another is Barry Winkop, thirty-one, whose advancement from management trainee to marketing di-

rector at Phelps Dodge in just six years was remarkably rapid. What made the difference was Winkop's ability to manipulate the process by turning bits of good fortune to his advantage. "It's an art," he says. For instance, he was able to create a veritable cult "wherever where there was not enough talent" and into other areas, such as marketing, "where you're more likely to be recognized by senior management. The level of exposure, versus a company means everything."

For all the opportunities New York offers those with the resources to seize them, there are concomitant costs and dangers not just of crime, pollution, and hassles but stress, especially the stress associated with success. "Success is addictive," says Gary Bender. "An editor calls at eleven and out of you go on a job. There's a frantic, crazed kind of pace, and New York

smells the noise that somehow if you're not on that pace, you're being slack, and you feel guilty." People who have made it in New York often ask so if they are being slowly eroded in a bottomless vortex. Which raises the question of how much you really need New York after you've made it. "It's not need to be here forever," Bender says. "In fact, I think many of the best people come from elsewhere, get a little exposure in New York, and head off to do what they must do."

But that is a minority view. "I can see the day when the brilliance of the gem that is New York may die," says Brian Moskowitz, thirty-four, a district manager of retail relations at AT&T, who grew up in Weybridge Hills, Massachusetts. But he now, he adds, very quickly and very emphatically, "when you leave New York, you're going nowhere." **D**

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Ved-d-dy ved-d-dy dry

Making It on Sixteen Hours a Day

For adman John Ferrell
it all comes down to
hard work and Jell-O

by Steven Levy

JOHN FERRELL thought it would be helpful for me to have a brief summary of his career since he had arrived at the Young & Rubicam advertising agency in New York City. So, on a date by five, memo pad with his memo embossed on the bottom, he had typed out the milestones, with his age preceding each event.

- 24—Joined Young & Rubicam
- 27—Promoted to copy supervisor
- 28—Promoted to creative supervisor
- 30—Vice-president
- 31—Associate creative director
- 34—Senior vice-president
- 37—Group creative director

These listings, of course, do little to convey the reality of John Ferrell's self-admitted "miserable rise." Admen like to parrot advertising giant Leo Burnett's claim that every product-day miracle is achieved with an "enhance dream." A mere listing of Ferrell's promotions, or the possible promotions he might

win in the future (at thirty-nine, he's gone two years—his best ones yet—without a change in title), ignores the drama inherent in the story of a short, imaginative kid from Maine, Illinois, who arrived in New York and made it his own by a basic devotion to his profession—in the excitement of a conventional, rewarded existence. These are essential facts, lacking in that summary—caring facts, to coach it in Ferrell-ese. Facts such as his being the man who reinvigorated Jell-O, who created breakthrough "New Wave" advertisements on Lancia-Mercury, who was awarded the "Shrub your brand with Destiny" spots, and, most recently, who won a heated four-way competition to secure the coveted Hallmark account by equating the act of sending a birthday card with a heart-wrenching effort to "hold on to the love." Or the fact that his boss described Ferrell, in a press release after one promotion, as "the John Hancock of advertising...a perpetual motion...caring across

STEVEN LEVY WAS IN NEW YORK IN 1980. "The Perfection of Miss" first appeared in the May 1981 issue of *Esquire*.



John Ferrell

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authorized agents and Representatives. They can also help with emergency funds. And they'll assist you with other lost travel documents and tickets. In other countries do all this, then fast. In this many places around the world, too, you may, without a Card in your hand, use any of the services of the American Express Company. Don't leave home without it!



When emergency occurs, call an authorized replacement Card will be mailed to your billing address.

two hundred calls from the nearest phone, he saw a bewildered native emerge from the bushes, collar by collar. The message was to return immediately to Y & R to consult on a campaign for the U.S. Postal Service. (The resulting commercial was a flop, the ad campaign's equivalent to an Oscar. Ferrell has four in his life.)

It appeared to his co-workers that Ferrell had no friends outside the office. At least he didn't talk about any. Nor did he seem to have much interest in matters of politics, literature, or the incredible social changes occurring during the years of his rise at Young & Rubicam. A generation—his generation—was rising up against such establishment institutions as Madison Avenue and the cult of success. John Ferrell missed it all. "I was totally devoted to making it in New York City," he says wistfully.

He was married in 1975 to an attractive woman nine years younger than he. He met his wife-to-be at Y & R, where she was working at an administrative job. "It's a really incredible fact: I'd meet the person I'd marry at work," he says. "Because that's where I was. Seventeen hours a day."

"The big side when he married," recalls Jay McInerney, head of Y & R's New York office, "was, 'There goes Ferrell!' I mean, he had an image of constant work, nights, weekends. But he sure Y succeeded. He still puts out as much energy as he did. I wish we could clean him up."

John Ferrell has another view: "His wife made me a saint."

Barbara Ferrell indeed seems considerably tolerant of her status as an—this is John's term—"housewife widow." Since a divorce, she and her conservative boyfriend an affinity for *Saturday Night Live* movies and Elton Costello songs—an unexpected foil to John's pugilist demeanor. She is reconciled to leading her life with only limited time with her husband, due to longer work, saying that "it's more important to be together, and it's not like I've given up a career in medicine or anything." Spending over white wine and cheese at their apartment, middle-class apartment of Silver Place, Barbara says that the time she spent working at Y & R helped her understand the demands of John's job. "I know what I was getting into," she says. "It's up to me to make my life interesting." She does this by reading voraciously—she devours New York's three daily newspapers every day—and reading old books and going to shows with them. She cherishes her flexibility, the better to accommodate herself to the windows in Ferrell's work schedule. In situations like these, where one person is a workaholic, and the other is a wife, the high-powered people, or one is like me—I'm not very

ambitious." Nor is she a wife who lives vicariously through her husband's triumphs—Ferrell's ad campaigns and positions on the margins and handshakes of the advertising business, and that suits her just fine. "I'm just thankful that he's able to avoid what he does get home," she says. "When he's home, he's home, and I appreciate that." On the other hand, "we've been married about ten and a half years, and we feel we've been married maybe two."

When they get the time, they enjoy seeing unusual restaurants—they'll often drive, for example, to Branford, Connecticut, for a Vietnamese meal—and planning vacations, where, theoretically at least, advertising is left for behind. But a recent trip planned for the South Seas went awry. He had an awful headache the week before the trip and left it would be best to take a vacation the week immediately after

work and boyfriends' demands, where problems are discussed with a few days' notice.

John, I know you've had to go to the other agencies—why have you stayed at Y and R for fifteen years?

"Because if you want a better situation, I don't think I can do better. The situation I have here."

No bad feelings, eh?

"You only have bad feelings if you aren't where you want to be. I'm very pleased at what I'm doing. I can sleep well at night."

And you ever feel an awkward because you didn't develop as a product, couldn't sleep at night if you promised it?

"No. Y & R has great clients."

And for eighteen hours a day? Why do you keep working so hard?

"Because it's so exciting."

MERCURY WAS AN EASY PRODUCT FOR FERRELL TO FALL IN LOVE WITH, GIVEN HIS ROMANCE WITH CARS. MORE ELUSIVE WAS HIS SEARCH FOR THE SOUL OF JELL-O.

the presentation. But the South Seas charter was set for two weeks after the presentation. "I said to him—John, go!" says McInerney. "But he wanted to vacation a week before, so in case we was the account, he'd be fresh to begin working on it." So they went to Mexico instead, and when he returned, the trade papers were brimming with the news that his campaign had beaten those of Frito, Coca-Cola, and Budweiser. Barbara says that for thirty-seven years, Ogilvy & Mather, and Leo Burnett. And he got right back to work.

"Children?" he says, in response to a question. "I think there's something to be said for freedom. I'm not sure I have the right job. I don't think we want the responsibility of being kids—because we're like the kids."

The world of John Ferrell is endlessly adaptable. Florida Adair transplanted to Madison Avenue. It is a world where everything happens for the best, where problems can be surmounted with hard

work and boyfriends' demands, where problems are discussed with a few days' notice. John, I know you've had to go to the other agencies—why have you stayed at Y and R for fifteen years?

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And for eighteen hours a day? Why do you keep working so hard?

"Because it's so exciting."

Already, Ferrell has worked his multimillion-dollar starting salary into what knowledgeable outsiders estimate is a position of salary deferred income, and benefits of \$200,000 a year. And he's a senior vice president and group creative director, he heads one of the New York office's five creative groups. There are only a few steps in the hierarchy above him now. "There's always the problem of growth when you get pretty high so young—how high will you go?" says Jay



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That's right, Ford Aerospace. Forty-seven satellites that have been successfully launched have been built by Ford Aerospace & Communications Corporation.

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There's A Ford In America's Future.

Night Climbing

by Lee Eisenberg

On an island of choices, you can go out or stay home. Either way you pay a price

You never hear much about the people who drink at the bar at Elaine's. Here at the fabled uptown salon they're a respectable bunch, good-looking and fit, junior account executives, department store buyers, secretaries and receptionists, a sprinkling of tourists. The people at the bar sit in an odd, in-between way, neither turning their backs from the room nor facing the room squarely. Mostly they sit three-quarters in, in a sort of casual pose that permits them to rest their glasses on the counter top and still manage daring glances at who's coming and going, who's exchanging ideas at the tables all around them. Woody Allen, Dick Cavett, Jerry like *Restonians*, a contributing editor of *Esquire* lives in New York



THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM
It's the closest thing in New York to a studio commissary.



THE FOUR SEASONS
For lunch or dinner, an elegant place to close on deals.



LE CIRQUE
Memo to Nancy, Ron, and one last post, Andy Warhol



THE RED PARROT
Where the Union Square is learning to drink.



THE ODEON
Sign by Florence, landmark for the usual parade out.



WINGS
So Soho does it gets all kinds, from artists to lawyers.



CAFE CENTRAL
From nondescript the Polo Lounge for West Side stories.



ELAINE'S
The proprietor and one of her flock at the uptown salon.





DIANE SAWYER

A COLLEAGUE AT CBS calls her "the perfect woman," but she isn't. She's considerably intelligent, gracious, politically astute, diligent, loyal, inquisitive, well-read, witty, hardworking, pretty, and a nice dresser.

But she isn't flawless. She's disciplined, yes. Daily, she packs herself off to bed at five in the afternoon, rises at six in the morning. Not bad. She's loaded with stamina. One minute she's in Florida describing the launch of the space shuttle, and seemingly by the time the rest of us have spilled our second cup of coffee, she's in El Salvador covering the elections. So pour on the credits, lots of it. She's open-minded—certainly for one who sat so close to the nation's highest, most arrogant seat of power. And yet she doesn't pass party line, she selects dissenting opinions. A rare gift.

But perfect? No. She couldn't remember who wrote *The Heart of Wednesday*. She let drop that the German restaurant Lohrwe's was a Chinese place. Good positions? Maybe, but still.

Precautions aside, she's more than good enough to make it in New York. The CBS brass thought so, bringing her up from Washington to coanchor the *Morning News*. A smart move. She's a lot keener than David Hartman, a damn sight more perfect than Wilfred Scott. The brass teamed her up with Charles Kuralt, another reporter whose reading habits, like Sawyer's, include more than just Teletext. Together, Kuralt and Sawyer presented the news with purpose and lucidity—and nobody watched news. In the bowlers passed things up, teared on the computer graphics, brought in a guy from Chicago, a new sports guy, a new weather guy, and a new gossip lady, and pushed them all (Sawyer included, but not Kuralt) behind DuPont-modern desks.

The CBS *Morning News* was thereby transformed into one of a thousand identical newscasts from Pittsburgh to La Jolla. Yet through it all she shone, almost perfectly.

A minor, revealing incident: On one of the last mornings of the Kuralt days, the weatherman in Washington closed his report by jabbering about Sawyer's gold brooch. She was wearing a brooch in the shape of a lion. "Nice brooch, Diane," he chattered. She was caught off guard. "That's not a lion, Gordon, that's a lion." Said he, "I said brooch. Dame, not lion." Then, keeping her exasperation almost to herself, she slammed the matter shut: "My, Gordon, you're awfully lively this morning."

Pretty! Later that day, over lunch, she blushes when congratulated on her charming use of *lively*. She is still wearing the nothing best.

"That, you realize, is dinner for me," she says, brushing the tips off some asparagus. She recounts her life and times, starting with her early years in Louisville.

"I have one sister, who preceded me in the most critical phases of life," she says in a fast southern cadence. "My father was a lawyer and county judge—which was what Harry Truman was in Missouri. Really like the mayor of the county. My mother taught school. She taught me in the third grade." There is that gentle cadence with which she reads the news, says that "my eyes are still tingling from some of her reproaches." I don't know the Byrnesian events that led to my getting into her class. But to this day, now and my memory, is the time she called in me knowing that I hadn't learned the roman numeral for nine. I was so exposed," she adds, laughing merrily.

"Would you say that your parents pushed, pushed you toward specific accomplishments?"

"No. I guess there was a kind of generic pressure to do well, but it was more a lovely abstraction about excellence for its own sake. And not direct pressure as much as the far more powerful pressure of example. My parents were—my father died in 1965—both full-on people. Mother took as to every lesson exhortation

Taking Care of Miss Liberty

by
George
Rush

It's a family effort, keeping the weirdos from blowing up your back yard

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS BEFORE the Moffitts arrived on Liberty Island, a young man named Ralph Giamson squeezed through a window at the Statue of Liberty's crown, glanced off the statue's bosom, and landed a few feet from a workman mowing the lawn. Giamson's pockets held six dollars, several holy medals, and a religious text, up to the crown, near Giamson's last, a note read: "Dear Aunt Molly, forgive me, please, and pray for me." Twelve years before Canadian Giles Legault and a group of black extremists also gaily had wanted to "really put a hurt on that old bitch." Legault, using a leather thong from his artificial leg, knapped himself a pulpit. As though possessed by this history, the weather was terrible one January day in 1971 when Dave Moffitt, the new superintendent of the Statue of Liberty, brought his family from Concord, Massachusetts, to Liberty Island. Chilling squalls struck the barge bracing the family's moving van. The bargemen, shivering, crossed the harbor's dark waters, unloaded their cargo, and left.

The Moffitts had never heard of Giamson or Legault. They tramped the town's brick squares, boarding in and out at their government-issue red-brick houses, relocating the paintings, the empty spice jars, the cat with the nervous disorder, the religious texts. They introduced themselves to their neighbors, the other rangers whom the National Park Service had also assigned to this outpost opposite Manhattan's skyscrapers. Attentive Leiference, the Moffitts promptly joined Manhattan's Gustavus Adolphus church. Carolyn, a trim, attractive woman with dark, floppy hair, joined the choir. Then sons, Michael, seven, and John, eleven, enrolled at Public School 55 on nearby Governors Island; the boys scoured their own island for dollhouses and built a backyard clubhouse. Their sister, Andrea, thirteen, set to sketching the island's gulls. Dave, thirty-eight, a handsome, rangy Texan, motorboated with Carolyn to the PTA meetings; he treated the family to a Broadway show. He tossed the water—cruising into the dirty Upper Bay for mopey bass and catching disease. And strolling along the second after dinner, checking whether anybody had set seed in the bird feeder, Dave appeared the new Mr. on pretty good. At night, through his bedroom window, he glimpsed the backside of his responsibility—the squallproof, soft-green gown of Miss Liberty.

George Rush is a writer who has made his home on New York's Upper West Side for the past three years.

But things began to happen. A month after the Moffitts' arrival, a police boat picked up the children after school. The sheriff's regular busy service had been cut. Demonstrators, grossly incensed, had taken over the statue. Six of them sat chained inside the head of Liberty, who stood sentinel-booted on the broken chain of symmetry. The six had scratched seven glass panes in Liberty's crown and dropped, past her cheeks, five-parking banners reading FREE THE ISLAND FROM THE SOUL. Dave Moffitt, wearing his Smokey the Bear hat, climbed the statue's helix-shaped stairway. Left and right, to talk with the six. They demanded a televised press conference in the crown. Dave explained that a crown-conference, with visitors' crowns negotiating the helix, was impossible.

"They told me: 'Get the hell out,'" Dave reported later, having retreated from the crown.

A little after seven that night, park rangers cut the demonstrators' chains and the six departed peacefully. At home the Moffitts discussed the day. Dave felt for the thousands of nightworkers shut out during the five hours. Carolyn was nettled by the swarms of reporters. As for the boys, they posted a sign on their clubhouse. It warned: SCARE ON.

Thus the Moffitts discovered that their metallic object was magnetic—that its force field extended across the country.



RANGER DAVE MOFFITT
considers his backyard chores.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HOFFMAN

pulling every imaginable load of breast-feeding in the 30 ft across the family called home. "I have a few more," he said. "I'm going to see if I can find a few more." "I have a few more," he said. "I'm going to see if I can find a few more."

But who could have anticipated the chaos who thought James Carter's agents were getting him and who wrapped himself in an American flag and who could have foreseen the spot between the Puerto Rican group that wanted to take over the crown and the camera crew that—these few—were shooting an Elton John concert about a house language?

The Moffitts were at church one Sunday receiving Holy Communion when out of the crowd that the words must mean as much as a woman. The 100-foot-long banner, which had been taken down from after soldiers in Tehran seized the American embassy there. Placed at church, Dave heard that inmates again had chased themselves to the statue. He drove to the spot Manhattan, where a staff had waited. Two hours later, seven blacks sat in Dave's office. They complained about their handcuffs and about the United States showing the shackles into New York for public display. At one point they asked if they could leave. Dave turned toward them. "Yes, Dave said, but then he stopped outside and saw the tribes of cameramen and changed his mind.

"To hell with them," he said. "I'm not going to give them all the free PR. We're just going to make them look like a couple. And they're girls."

He returned to his office and told the demonstrators no.

"Why not?" they asked.

"Because you don't let me finish my prayer."

This later bothered Dave—especially when the deputy chief of police called him from Washington to ask if Dave had heard about the statue in Tehran. "The statue of the Statue of Liberty is under attack. What is a connection made between these inmates and those holding hostages?" Dave was distraught. "Should I have given their guys coffee and spending money and a pot on the back, not associated them?"

That week a federal magistrate charged the demonstrators with petty offenses. Presidential candidate John Connally suggested they be deported. The FBI, eight months later, sought one of them in the Washington murder after a—statue diplomat.

"GONE DOWN FROM THERE, YOU FAGGOTS!" EOWYN DRUMMOND AND ASHLEY CALLING TO THE STATUE of Liberty's page. Drummond and Stephen Rothfield had flown in from California and chosen Mother's Day weekend to climb the outside of the statue. Below them, on the pedestal balcony, were police and managers. David Moffitt was Larry not by the flagpole. "But naturally," Dave added,

the children were causing the statue. "You've got to see all that," a British man replied. "We're not making you." The demonstrators continued scaling the green-copper shell. Drummond jumped feverishly to one rubber suction cup, then the other, wishing they would stick for more than thirty seconds. The balloons, the helicopters, and someone hanging to the statue distracted Drummond, and he slipped twice but caught himself. By mid-afternoon he reached a point between the statue's shoulder blades and into a hole, opening two climbing rungs which he hung. Dave, looking out his office window, saw Drummond's fearful arms movements and told the reporter on the phone. "My God, they're hanging from it."

Stephen Rothfield, Dave's impression—battered up. "Get the hell off my statue," and "I hope you break your necks." Drummond, finally getting better footing, opened a twenty-five-foot-long, sliding library that revealed a man, Peter, a former Black Panther convicted in 1973 of killing a schoolteacher while also played tennis in Santa Monica. Along with other American International, the club was believed that the FBI found that it was an undercover operative with legal tactics. The climbers remained on the statue throughout the night. Grilled under thousands of watts of floodlight, they roared poems by Emerson, Shakespeare, and Auden. They wrapped themselves in a sleeping bag but couldn't sleep.

Nor could Carolyn Moffitt. Most demonstrators, only a few hours long, couldn't call her address, but helicopters—all through the night—got to her. She flew at Mother's Day morning. Around ten A.M. after shouting their explanations to the media down below—the apartmenters descended. They were pulled when managers whisked them past still-activating reporters. But Dave Moffitt believed there'd been enough press coverage. He wanted still about the statue—perhaps about his country, too, when he considered. "It may look awkward but it's not a terrible thing."

In the two following years other illegal actions dismantled island order. TV helicopters—flying low to witness inmates—also a piece of bark down Dave's jaw and launched over the boys' jacket. One a young man, climbing to be campaigning for mayor, crawled out at top of Liberty's head. He refused to leave alone, heard his statement broadcast over the transistor radio Dave handed him. Dave asked the benefits would be stop.

"The statue is the most appropriate place in America to demonstrate your grievance," he said. "Just get a permit." Called at advance, Dave's staff will cautiously provide the flesh-and-blood with the flagpole. "But naturally," Dave added,

"an illegal act gets more attention. I demonstrated against the Vietnam War. Some for the statue, some for the statue."

Three years after the Moffitts' arrival, while Dave watched the *NBC Nightly News*, a bomb exploded in the base of the statue. By most accounts it was the first time it had happened. No one was injured, the statue remained sound. But the explosion deeply perplexed Dave. He thought about requesting a transfer.

"I can understand demonstrations of all kinds," he said. "I can understand the second day but not condone the bombing of the Chase Manhattan Bank, the symbol of capitalism or the White House, the seat of the state and government, or the Statue of Liberty, the tribute to the first lady. But why would they want to destroy history? Every group that ever claimed oppression here was fighting for freedom."

"Since we were children, the statue has been an idol in our minds with freedom." "The McGinnis typed on a Park Service document when he and other New York veterans took over the statue in 1975. "Then we went to fight a war in the name of freedom. We saw that freedom is a selective experiment allowed only to those who are white and who wanted the statue to stay."

This distrust of official representations of freedom was perhaps shared by those who called the FBI and The New York Times after the explosion. Five and a half hours after the scene of the bombing, the July for claims of conspiracy struck at those phone calls from the anti-Castro Group 7, four from the National Socialist Movement (a Nazi group), two from the Puerto Rican FALN, one from the Palestine Liberation Army, one later discovered from the Jewish Defense League. The strongest suspects were Croatian "freedom fighters," but everybody else wanted in on the action.

THE MOFFITTS REMAINED ON LIBERTY ISLAND, AND IN 1984, A FEW DAYS FROM THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of that first demonstration, another take-over occurred. It was, again, inmates. This time they appeared thousands and were escorted to the statue. In the crowd, after removing the screws for the windows, they placed them in a plastic bag labeled screws for use windows. They handcuffed themselves made but gave the migrants keys for the handcuffs. They asked if they could chant and if their leaders said correct English.

The press panicked about the body-fitting frenzy. Carolyn Moffitt smiled. "I'm not impressed." Dave Moffitt, gaining and giving in his own office, said, "It's not a problem. The inmates are smart. The novelty of their climbing themselves upon was off. They could have set an effigy of the symbol in its place. Or carried a coffin up Wall Street. A million things. They really need a PR man. I'm available." ☐

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How to Wear Success

by Vincent Boucher

New Yorkers are quick—quick to shoe up a job, quick to assess the competition, quick to make decisions. In a city as fast and noisy as this one, how you look often communicates louder and more articulately than words, and being well dressed in a place where the wrong-sized lapel is akin to a faux pas at a dinner party can be a tricky business. In an attempt to define the art of dressing, we asked four successful New York men to show us how they communicate style. When we went to photograph them in their Manhattan apartments, we picked up some smart and surprising ideas about how to wear success—successfully.



Boucher last Berlin, Germany, has lived in his New York apartment since he began directing the television soap opera *A Year in the Life* three years ago. Since then, his career has taken off in several directions: "he directed *The Atlantic Blue* on the stage and covered the *Olivia Newton-John* and *Boyz n the Moor* tours; he directed the *Don't Tell Mom* and *As Fast As I Can* and the New York City Opera version of *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*." The apartment is filled with very good memories, he notes: playing around at discotheques, costume parties, and moments at past shows. Against cream-colored walls, linoleum floors, and a busy blue ceiling, the furnishings are traditional yet distinctive: such as an ornate upholstered sofa and a rug with a red, blue, and white pattern. "I dress like I did in prep school—it makes my mother very happy," he says with a smile. From his (forced) palette of maroon, blue, and tan of gray, he chose a gray Hanes United sport jacket (\$225), a buttoned-down shirt (\$45), a collared sweater turtleneck cotton shirt (\$35), and a pair of dark blue jeans (\$25). All by J.C. Penney. At Boucher's, New York: P.J. 944, Los Angeles: Lauren Coulson, Ohio:

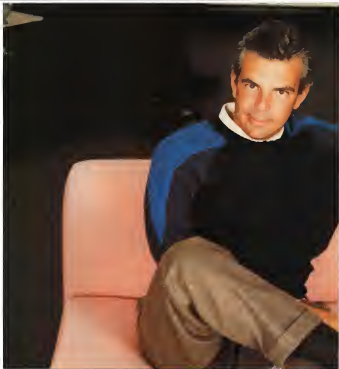


When Steve Field, 40, is not juggling his duties as an actor, producer, reporter, and writer for several NBC-TV daily New York news programs, he caters his service as a writer yet compact New York apartment. An equivalent role just listed space called for national editions, much of it—like the black pants lounge in the living room—concentrated especially for the apartment. "There is no choice," Field says. "I want everything as close as possible." But the necessity is making him take just steps: a touch of the different lighting and natural colors. Field's choice is a variety of unapologetic. Off-camera, he chose a the hand-knitted blanket and a pair of jeans (J.C. Penney) and a pair of jeans (J.C. Penney) and a pair of jeans (J.C. Penney). Available this fall at J.C. Penney and J.C. Penney's New York, New York: J.C. Penney's, Los Angeles: J.C. Penney's, Los Angeles: J.C. Penney's.



Living well is a philosophy that Jeffrey Epstein, the private endowments funds personality and as a marketing consultant who deals with luxury fashion, diamonds and cosmetic products. Five years ago, his apartment was totally dark, with black walls to cover all the previous Jeffrey art collection. Since his marriage, however, the decor has been softened by the addition of his wife's American-primitive paintings and quilts. For clothing that combines quality and daring, he goes to Alexander Julian. Here he wears a Marital wool bouclé with jacket with a multicolored-sequined (3365), solidized grey flannel trousers a blue and white corded (3336), a striped cotton dress shirt (3330), and a pair of the skirt. All by Alexander Julian. At Carvedesign, New York. The Blue Lizard, Raleigh, North Carolina. Jerry Maguire, Beverly Hills.

A schedule of constant travel doesn't permit Turner Schaefer, thirty-three, enough time in his working apartment. Schaefer, a vice president at Doyle Dane Bernbach, spends more than half his time at the Pier East as the account supervisor for Potomac International. The white walls and charcoal carpeting in his apartment are a dramatic background for artiles from his travels, and exoticistic pink walls abruptly evoke surprise from visitors. "Pink is a color I am very fond of," he says, noting the pink tiles and chairs in some rooms. His business wardrobe is slowly custom tailored around his in his casual luxuries he picks the luxurious clothes of Mafacoe designer Gussy Tompkins. Like the wool sweater with geometric shoulder accents (value: \$380) Amelio is September at Macy's, Madison, and Vero Liane. New York, Gussy Tompkins Incognito, Beverly Hills, Stern and Rosewood.



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Esquire
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SUMMER 1982

The Conversation John Gregory Dunne and Paul Schrader

On fame, guilt, and the wars of Hollywood

John Gregory Dunne: Last evening I was remembering when we first met, which was the summer of 1971, I think, at Julia and Michael Phillips's house. And I was thinking about all those people who came to their house every Sunday. The young, born-nots. There was you, Susanne, Focina, Jill Clayburgh...
Paul Schrader: John Mills...
J.G.D.: Right, Mills was there—and Brian De Palma, Steven Spielberg. They were all there, every weekend. Being, strictly ambitious people in their twenties and early thirties. I suppose Marty and

The meeting was held in Dunne's writing office at his home in Brentwood. Behind his desk hangs a bulletin board full of colored cards, notes for the typewriter he and his wife, Joan Dixon, are writing from his novel *Vogel*. Beneath the skylight of the cathedral ceiling are neat rows of the couple's books—his arranged on the left, hers on the right.

Schrader—the writer and/or director of *American Goliath*, *Taxi Driver*, and *Cat People*—had just returned from Israel, where he had been doing research for a movie about the life of Christ. His usually guttural voice was further aggravated by a cold. Of the two old friends, Dunne was more the actor. When telling anecdotes, the writer's Irish comes out. He affects a variety of accents. Quoting Streisand, he evoked the singer's high register.

Pino was the oldest.
P.S.: Marty's only.
J.G.D.: Marty will be forty this year.
P.S.: He will!
J.G.D.: I was about ten years older than the oldest person there. Joan [Dixon] went a couple times and then said there was too much ambition in one room for a Sunday afternoon.
P.S.: And there was enough frustration to light a small American city.
J.G.D.: Yes. But it was interesting how so many of those people—in the true Hollywood sense—made it. Made it more

or focus on their own terms too. With enormous artistic success and huge box-office success as well.

I remember Peter Boyle used to come out from New York. He'd make his way up the beach on a Sunday afternoon and usually end up at our house. I remember one day he did Jesus Christ in a sleep-over scene in *Las Vegas*—I think that was the most single ad-lib performance I've ever seen. You wanted to see Peter... in what?

P.S.: Well, I used him in *Mord Cove*. I also wanted to cast him in *True Confessions*, where Lloyd's brother Frank first approached the web with book. I wanted to cast it with Boyle and David.

J.G.D.: With Peter playing the priest or the cop?

P.S.: The cop. David playing the priest. But Frank felt that he could get De Soto. I didn't think he could, and I was wrong. I wanted to do your book quite badly, but I had an idea of my own that I wanted to write and I was just afraid enough to feel that it could do me even material. I didn't want to do someone else's. But the following summer I realized I had gone dry. I had nothing to say.

J.G.D.: Was this when you went to teach... where?

P.S.: At Columbia. I went with the hope that by teaching I could inspire myself to write. I was also trying to deal with my mother's death.

J.G.D.: What were you teaching?

P.S.: A screen-writing workshop. And the way I did it was to devote the first half of the course to autobiography, my idea being that you have to find out what it is you need to make work before you can think about craft. Anyway, halfway through I told the students, "I'm going to keep teaching you, but I can't in good conscience come here every week and say that this is such a swell method. I've been trying it all year and it hasn't worked for me."

J.G.D.: Yes, but I didn't work because of your mother's death?

P.S.: Well, it goes back further. In one year, 1976, I'd written five scripts. Four of them got made.

J.G.D.: They being?

P.S.: *Blue Collar*, *American Gothic*, *Mord Cove*, and *Old Bay*. It took about three years for me to direct three of them. I'd write something in those years except the rewrite of *Baywatch* for Mary. But I was confident that as soon as I'd get back to the typewriter, scripts would come popping out like... what do they call those things? Overripe pots. But I went to the typewriter and nothing came out. I had nothing new to say. What finally rescued it for

me was my agent, he saw what despair I was in, and he told me I simply had to go back to directing. To stop this agonizing over the typewriter. And that's how I got involved with *Cat People*. Once I concentrated myself to *Cat People*, the ideas started coming again. I have subsequently written another script, and I have two more in mind that I want to write.

J.G.D.: Was your mother's death your first close exposure to death?

P.S.: Yes. First meaningful one. J.G.D.: My father died when I was five, when Lloyd's brother Frank first approached the web with book. I wanted to cast it with Boyle and David.

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J.G.D.: She did say that. P.S.: So I am not only to be guilty now, but I'm also to be guilty then. The two of them are going to be sitting up there, the two senior citizens on a park bench, unhappy, the only unhappy people in heaven, because their son is not coming to join them.

J.G.D.: Come, as you know, from a very strong Irish-Catholic background. But I didn't realize until I was forty years old that that background is a mine. I could dig in for the rest of my life, and in which I have been digging for the last two years. A gold mine of material.

P.S.: May I, at this point, offer a criticism of this particular gold mine? Of yours, I mean, not in general. I just used your new novel (*Dutch Sins*, Jr.) and I have a number of questions that I would be asking you all the second if we weren't actually on the record. They pertain to this "gold mine," as you call it. Maybe, in fact, it's only a coal mine and maybe you're only strip mining it. Well, this is getting to be sort of an academic exercise.

As I see it, the characters in your three novels—*Vegas*, *True Confessions*, and *Dutch Sins, Jr.*—are simply backsliders, people who are, in effect, losing ground on the winding runway of life. One of their prime delusions as they lose ground on this treadmill is wit. The same way that a bookworm's trick, your characters talk a phrase. They constantly say wit—

J.G.D.: As a safety net.

P.S.: But their words and dialogue are a way for them to avoid dealing directly with life.

J.G.D.: No, it isn't so much dialogue, because the main characters are really very funny. They are in situations and it's how they observe them that's funny. They don't tell jokes like characters in Neil Simon plays.

P.S.: Well, your characters exist in that sea of dialogue. They perform in that world.

J.G.D.: They hang out in a kind of etherworld of losers.

P.S.: But the backsliding mentality—accepting predestined cynicism rather than challenging it—loses things. During the last year, I've spent a great deal of time in method and, for the second time in my life, it has pulled me out of a tailspin. I now feel strongly that one must vigorously attack this treadmill, and *Dutch Sins* seems to me the classic statement. It's very lucid, very clever, but finally and very lastly...

P.S.: As if you've finally taken that cool cynicism, written on theology, as far as you can and up to the wattle of your narcissist self. Which becomes a trick, a game, a protective cathexis.

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PAUL SCHRADER AND JOHN GREGORY DUNNE AT DUNNE'S HOME IN BRENTWOOD.

J.G.D.: That's right. P.S.: And I think like the next time out of the box definitely you're going to have to explore a new category.

J.G.D.: A new category with the same characters.

P.S.: You're going to have to write about somebody who—

J.G.D.: Who survives.

P.S.: Yes. Who uses the same tools to go the other way.

J.G.D.: You have a reputation as a barf. You are constantly getting raped for it, and I think it's a reputation that you cultivate, but I also think it's undeserved.

P.S.: I've given up any hope of being polite anymore. I've given up trying to have friends. I don't really want and despising things that I don't think are worth despising. It's made me somewhat of a social pariah, but, you know, let the sword fall, so I think Pope Benedict used while the Knights of the Templar were being wiped out. Kill them all. Let God sort them out.

Anyway, I'm such a bad for that sooner or later I get caught at it. Then I can't sleep and my stomach goes crazy. So I just cut up telling the truth and cutting down my circle enormously.

J.G.D.: But that's a gold mine you're wrapping yourself in.

P.S.: A what?

J.G.D.: A gold mine. Saying, "I am the truth teller." One of the things that gets you most out of your life is when I hear somebody say he's a perfectionist. In most cases it's a way of excusing being a prick. It's generally much more about people who will tell you they're perfectionists. I don't want to name names.

P.S.: But that's not what I'm saying. I'm saying that though honesty has been me professionally and personally, it's still an excuse and better way for me to live with myself. So I say condemning things to public.

J.G.D.: Never to me, Paul.

called "the sacred moments," the things that have piloted through man's dreams since time immemorial—marriage, abuse, burnout, black pantherism and that have had some real, archeological, sexual resonance throughout time. The true logic you have to adhere to is the logic of sexual identification, not logic of plot.

J.G.D.: Well, all right. I will say that I was frustrated by the picture. I was sitting there by myself in the screening room. The first time that guys came out from under the bed in the whorehouse, I was holding my hat and poor script, and they both went up to see the dick first!

P.S.: To know to see the dick-chasing bills that means romance.

J.G.D.: For the rest of the picture I kept my hat down over my eyes. But I would have preferred a certain definite logic.

P.S.: The more you try to explain this stuff, the deeper it sits in you. It's like when you tell somebody about a dream and then you say, suddenly there was only one of us and we were in Africa. Well, how do you explain that? The more you try, the more you have to pitch up the dream to it has a nice logic. It gets less and less.

J.G.D.: I want to ask you about *Myung Dahl*, which has been showing on the Z-channel this week. I noticed that you get screenplay credit. I know that Martin did a version first, then you came in, then Marty (Scorsese) and Bobby (De Niro) went off separately and worked on a first version.

P.S.: *Myung Dahl* is a very interesting film in studying the collaborative process. I am now working on another film with Scorsese, so I don't want to say anything that will hurt that working relationship. He is perhaps the only person I would care to work for. However, I don't feel that *Myung Dahl* is as successful as it should have been because of a misapprehension on Scorsese's part of the collaboration. That is, Marty and I have divergent attitudes toward society. He is basically Catholic; I am basically Protestant. He believes in the social unit he comes from. I am the Martin Luther type. I am as much man drawn to the nihil and color of the cathedral, and I to the austerity of a Protestant church that looks more like a courtroom than it does a place of worship.

J.G.D.: I remember the church in *Red Crow*. It does look like a courtroom, yes.

P.S.: Right. The strength of a man like Alex Shreeb is Marty working through the unadmitted, mythologized values of his childhood in Little Italy. The strength of Taxi Driver is Marty adapting my singularity of theme and character into a

richer, less simple structure. Okay. Now enter *Myung Dahl*. It was originally a film that had been written as a *Myung Shreeb* by the writer of *Mean Streets*—as a kind of Little Italy study. But I was told that it didn't have enough theme or character to get made, so they asked me to write a scene. And I wrote them a scene.

J.G.D.: A scene being what?

P.S.: A theme. I defined the movie to be purely about love. When I finished, it was no longer about the white boogie world, no longer about fathers, but simply about one man—and possibly seen through his brother. The theme was about redemption by punishment and the limitations of that process. It evolved fairly around it some time that wasn't shot, a three- or four-page masturbation dialogue that he goes in and I like to think it is one of the better scenes I have written. I like to try to masturbate, unassisted, and he talks upon all the sexual images of his youth and of his adulthood to help him out. But none will help him out.

J.G.D.: Masturbation as metaphor. You have a masturbation sequence in your new

P.S.: Yeah. So I delivered that script—**J.G.D.:** That's a line from *True Confessions*. "Knuckles like potato chips." But go on.

P.S.: I like called his "potato heads." So I delivered that script. It had character, theme, plot. They could go make it.

But then Rich and Martin went and worked on it again, reintroducing the social elements from the previous script. When I finally came to see the film, I saw a mixture of *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*. And I did not feel that it was as successful as either one.

J.G.D.: I think that's the very nature of screen writing. The best you can hope to be, if you're a screenwriter, is a copilot. You start taking a look down the runway, and all of a sudden you can feel it taking off. There is never that sense with a movie rhythm, point of view, style are all things that a screenwriter cedes to the director. **P.S.:** I disagree. I think what you're saying is conditioned by your experience first as a writer and secondarily as a screenwriter. For me, sitting down writing *Taxi Driver* in ten days, a plane took off.

J.G.D.: It takes off as a theme unto itself. It does not take off as a motion picture.

P.S.: No. But that script took off for me in the same way that a book would take off for you.

J.G.D.: But it has no life. Movies have life, screenplays do not have life. They are like these problems out people.

P.S.: What if you wrote a novel and no one ever read it but you?

J.G.D.: I'd know it.

P.S.: Would that make it any different from a screenplay?

J.G.D.: My dream of his was as this. I think there are two elements to a writer's life. Writing and having written. If you could get paid for writing and not have to go through all the shit of having written, or publishing, life would be wonderful.

P.S.: You just invalidated your earlier argument of writing is the thing, then it doesn't matter what the damn is.

J.G.D.: I think that writing a novel is a far more satisfying form.

P.S.: Okay, but that's just for you. Maybe writing a novel on the back of your shirt is a more satisfying thing for the next person.

J.G.D.: But here's the thing: screenplays are very difficult to read. I send your new screenplay last night. Even as your new screenplay is not read, I think that's a certain what I think about it. I think that's a certain what I think about it. I think that's a certain what I think about it. I think that's a certain what I think about it.

P.S.: What?

J.G.D.: "Knuckles like potato chips."



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into the film *The Wild Bunch*, the when you walk into *The Grapes of Wrath* can make reading a screenplay if it's going to be any good at all.

A.S.: As a reader not involved in *Requiem*, well, incidentally, I think you're dead wrong about it. I think *Requiem* is a really good choice.

P.S.: I have a hard time watching a J.G.D. I think it's one of the few great movies I've ever seen. As a matter of fact, of your generation, *Marty* is the closest thing to being a genius.

P.S.: I just think *Marty* is a better film. It's peer, superior.

J.G.D.: You also worked on *Close Encounters*, which nobody, almost nobody, knew except me. I was on it with you at the Phillips [the producers' office, hip, tap, tapping away on it].

P.S.: I wrote the first version.

J.G.D.: I was there something of poets in it?

P.S.: Yes, in a very good point.

J.G.D.: Could you have gotten the screenplay credit?

P.S.: Yes, I believe so.

J.G.D.: Did you sit out to?

P.S.: Yes. This way I could be sure Mr. [James] [Cagney] was there.

J.G.D.: You'd been there? There seems to be a heavy irony here.

P.S.: I was the first of a series of writers. Steve was the last. When I was first approached, Steve had a meeting with a White-gate [the capital of a government] cover-up of the fact that flying saucers existed. Michael and John Phillips approached me to write it. They felt it would take it to another level. Which it did.

J.G.D.: Cause you're a scribbler. You're always going off to another level.

P.S.: Yeah [Laughs]. I wrote songs that was a sort of modern version of the life of Santa Paul, which is that—

J.G.D.: That's a light touch.

P.S.: Which is that it was about a man who was a professional debater for the Army. Went around proving that flying saucers didn't exist. Until one day on the road to [San Francisco] he saw one. They spent the rest of his life secretly working for the government to make contact with this thing he saw. He made a deal with the government that he wouldn't tell what he had seen if they would give him the money and resources to pursue it. And they did. Finally, at the end of his life, he made contact and was taken off the planet, like E.T. He had brought the good light and he was transcended.

Steve took violent objection. He wanted the best character of the dream to be an ordinary guy, a Joe Blow. I said to him that this is the greatest moment in the history of the planet. We need our first pilgrim. And I went to send off someone who is worthy.

Steve said no, it should be just a guy on the block who will go off and set up near McDonald's stands on other planets. This

was a fundamental difference. I had to be taken out of the picture.

J.G.D.: When you talked about looking and accounting as were you?

P.S.: I think crying would be a better description. I could not proceed down, better in terms. And then I had to make sure that I had to be in it. Time passed and other writers were brought in. I was told by Michael and John that nothing remained whatsoever of my script and that Steven felt that he deserved full credit. I did not read the script. I went to visit to the production board, saw an interview, saying that I did not want any part of this [said he that I didn't need to ride in on this one, and that we were all gentlemen, and they told me that each of us was wrong].

When I did finally see the film, I recognized the infusion of heavily spiritual elements [Laughs] that had not been there when Steven first approached me with the project—particularly the ending, and the two main lines I wrote, the first colors that I had designed. The idea of flying saucers as a religious experience. This is not in Steven's culture. This is a my religion.

J.G.D.: If you had been as accurate, accurate as you are, would it be a credit?

P.S.: Yes. I wrote the first script, and I wrote the title. Unfortunately, I lost those points contingent on credit. When I heard my contribution, I forgot those three points, which was probably worth several million dollars.

J.G.D.: The remake of *A Star Is Born* was our idea. We worked on it for a year, and then we quit, thinking it was never going to get made. Later, we got a call from the new producer, John Rosemont, who came back. But he's interested, come back, you're not going to get paid. So we sat day, and we came back and worked for Barbara for about three weeks and realized that it wasn't going to work, that she wanted to do something else. So there it was a question of getting out. We had ten points in the picture. They couldn't live on, because if they lived on, they would have died in with my agency. And we couldn't quit, because if we quit, we would have been in breach of contract and we would have lost our two points. They—Warner and Preddie [Betts] and Barbara's people—wanted us to give up two and a half points, which we refused to do. Finally, our lawyer worked out a deal where we would give up the two and a half points, but the rest of our points would be compensated with the music in. Nobody realized that the music would be such a business. We came out really far, far ahead of the game.

I think John and I are the only two people involved with the picture who still speak to Barbara and she turned to me and said, "What do you think of me?" Clearly, I'm right. One of the things you don't want to get mixed in danger is "What do you think of me?"

I sort of took a deep breath and I said, "Barbara, you made me a very nice man." "What do you think about me, my personality?" And I said, "Barbara, I've been married to Joan for sixteen years and she's never asked me this question." At that time she had the grace to laugh.

P.S.: I want to ask one thing here. When you told me something, I don't know if it's true or not. He said that Joan confessed to him once that she had discovered, in her great dream, that Quantum, your daughter, had never read any of Joan's books.

J.G.D.: It was not to Joan's dismay, it was just a fact. Quantum had not read any of Joan's books. The only book of mine that she had read was *The Compliments*, and she read it because we were in Paris when the first copy of the books arrived at the hotel. Quantum was then twelve. She read it, and because she was it an age when she was interested in things like that, she read it at that way preadolescent children are full of looking for the dirty parts.

P.S.: The way you read *Lonely Christmas*?

J.G.D.: Yes, except I was older then. I remember *Quantum* saying, "What's a description?" Joan explained what a description was, and Quantum said, "Yes, never read one. Did you, Mom?" And Joan said, "Yes. I had one." "Mom?" Quantum exclaimed. By now she has read just about all our other books.

P.S.: The reason I ask the question is that *Endless* [the story of a man whose life falls apart after his daughter—

J.G.D.: It's a simple daughter.

P.S.: I don't know if she's the same age as Quantum, it's a little early to be a bomb explosion. The things Dutch comes to learn during the course of the novel, and his inability to deal with his daughter's death ultimately lead to his own.

J.G.D.: How does that? Do you want her to read this?

J.G.D.: Oh, sure. Absolutely.

P.S.: Well, isn't there a heavy burden of parental guilt in that book for a daughter? I mean, why are you secretly telling your daughter in that she has the power to destroy her father's life.

J.G.D.: I don't think that that is in the book. That's my first point of departure from you. As for the elements that intrude on or are parallel in our life, Quantum's parents are known to her and to us. It is not at all her story. See, some of the central comes from her. The sort of list of things that Dutch keeps, the poem that he keeps reciting at dinner, the books—that's something that Quantum writes when she was three or four. "I'm going to marry a boy named Harry. He rides horses and handles dragons." But, see, you think Dutch was destroyed by the quest. I think Dutch was destroyed by the quest. What destroys him is that his wife knew and did not tell him.

P.S.: But he cannot assimilate his daughter's death.

J.G.D.: Yes, he cannot assimilate his daughter's death. It is very hard to assimilate the death of anyone close to you. I mean, as you have found out with your mother, as I have found out with my brother.

Let me tell you about my daughter. The day that we took her to Chard to see *Dem*, all three of us were scolded. When we came home, Quantum got on her bathing suit and went tramping down to the beach and went swimming in the ocean. It never occurred to her that it was anything but a movie. I don't think it would occur to her that there anything but a book.

J.G.D.: You have a movie coming out April second. I've got a book coming out April fifth. This conversation will be printed in *Weekend*. The sections will be in. So now is a terrific time to ask, what do you think about critics?

P.S.: Well, I certainly think less of critics than I do of criticism. I mean, criticism is a very legitimate discipline and has been practiced by a lot of brilliant people.

J.G.D.: Given drive me crazy. I think that of young people who become critics of pop culture these days are giving away their heritage. I'm talking about Pauline Kael's thinkers, and the people who do rock 'n' roll, and people who do TV criticism. They're mortgaging their future for the cheap criticism. They don't realize that this is the time, in their lifetime and ours, that they have the freedom to be bad—as artists.

P.S.: A number of them have taken that freedom to be bad and have been bad, thus returned to criticism.

J.G.D.: Please them.

P.S.: On the record?

J.G.D.: Yes, so the record.

P.S.: I'm going to be reviewed by all these people shortly. Well, it's no secret that a number of critics have tried their hand at writing screenplays. Stanley Kaufman knew. Film critic writers to be a playwright, first, critic comes back to film criticism.

J.G.D.: I once called him a Renaissance failure and he's never forgiven me for it.

P.S.: He's just an older example of a half dozen in my generation. Some of them have been fed for lack of talent. Others have been fed for lack of perseverance and courage. They were afraid to cut the umbilical and totally commit themselves to fiction, for example.

J.G.D.: People who review pop culture—and to be specific, movie reviewers—are people who would like to do what you do but don't take the leap of faith to do it.

P.S.: When I was writing for my college newspaper, I once reviewed *The Sound of Music* without seeing it. I reviewed it on the basis of the stage production and I was really safe and well-informed. The ability to make simplistic generalizations, to

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11



The Exhibition Game

Ron Lesser on owning the theater near you

I OWN A small chain of theaters, nine screens in all, in the northern part of New York's Westchester County. And like any small-business man, I do two things: I employ people and I secure my product, which is movies.

When I'm looking for my theaters, I look at a picture a couple of ways. I ask myself first, do I like it, and then, do I think it's going to be successful. The first criterion is relevant for one theater I own because—for some crazy reason—every picture that I like does business there. For all my other theaters, my taste has absolutely no bearing. And to get analytical, I look at the cast. I look at the director and his track record. I'm interested in what type of advertising campaign the distributor is planning for the film, because it shows me how much they're going to be behind it. That's important.

I saw a picture about 10 years ago that night called *Amos*. The first and last. It's bloody. It's vulgar. It's not a great film, yet there was something about it that made me sit at home transfixed. So I looked at it. I think it's going to make a lot of money, but I could be wrong. This summer, I have high hopes for *Body Heat*. I mean, Polanski's who, but you never know. You get to try to stay ahead of the game. When picking looking big names, which is the case all over the country, you need as much ingenuity and fancy footwork as you can muster.

The independent film is significant in one of the biggest chains, the General Cinema Corporation; they have nine hundred screens spread all across the country. The

way the system works is that we go after the movies that we want, General Cinema goes after the movies they want, and sometimes we lock horns. That happens when the distributor has only allocated, say, one entry in our area and we both want to be it. And in that case, we will usually have to bid against each other for the picture.

For my bid, you're operating with three variables: the minimum you figure to pay the film company, the percentage of your gross that you'll pay back to them, and the length of time for which you'll promise to play their movie. Up where I am, we bid on about a third of the pictures; the rest we just negotiate independently with the film company. Either way, the price can get very high because, for top center theaters, it is never a buyer's market. Before a studio will release an *On Golden Pond* or a *Raiders*, they have a pretty good idea that those pictures are going to make money. They're going to force you to pay very tough terms, or you're not going to get those movies.

Theoretically, I stand an even chance against General Cinema to win any movie as I bid. That's the law, and it usually works out that way because I have a good track record with the studios—my theaters generate rental for them, and that's what they care about. But I'm a realist. I know that when General Cinema really wants a picture, I'm not going to get it. They have eight screens that I have.

This year, I lost bids on *Body Heat*, on *Charito of Pina*, on *Two Women*. I didn't have a piece of *Raiders*. I figured that to get it, I would have had to put up two areas and two weeks, and I didn't feel like spending the entire summer waiting for Paramount Pictures. So I bid weekly, last, and then

went to see the picture. At first I thought, this is an awful movie. And then fifteen minutes later I turned to the kids sitting next to me and I said, "This is going to be the biggest-grossing picture of the year." General Cinema probably covered their bid the first week.

YOU TRY TO get the best product, but sometimes you don't even know what you're bidding on. Take *Amos*, for example. Last December I won a bid on that and I'm involved in starting June 18 for the same summer. I think it's going to be a great picture. But I don't know. I haven't seen it. In some states there's legislation granting the theater owner the right to see a picture before he bids on it, but we haven't been able to get that in New York.

It's a tricky issue because the studios say that getting a picture completed in time to screen before bidding is a hardship. Still, my position is that they're putting up the money; they should be responsible for getting the director to finish his picture on time. I mean, look at *Murder's Gate*. They're not out of control on that.

I played *Murder's Gate* and got killed, but I knew I would—Kris Kristofferson has never been in anything I made money with. I played it anyway. I made money with it, played it anyway. After all, with the amount of money United Artists put into that picture, they deserved to get some play dates. It's a fifty-two-week year, and when it's time, critics just have nothing; that's fifty-two weeks the company will get out enough product that you can buy.

That's the problem. I don't have to be a genius to book the summer; there's plenty of product. Summer is when people go to movies, that's when distributors want to have their pictures played. The test of a de-

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THEATER OWNER RON LESSER: "YOU JUST HAVE TO HAVE A FEEL FOR PICTURES"

crypt booklet is whether he can get through May and June, October and November.

Add to the real talent in this business comes down to knowing how to manipulate whatever product you can get. I was playing *Connelly Row* not too long ago, and the figures were awful. It wasn't a bad film, but I was doing twenty dollars a night. Unbelievable. When that's the case, you have no choice but to part. *Connelly Row* was supposed to play four weeks. United Artists let me pull it after a week. I moved *The Bandersnatch* over from another theater, but it just did worse. Behind that, I put a film, which at that point was a second-run picture, and I normally don't play second-

runs. So this week I'm playing *Shall We Dance?*. That's what I mean by gutting.

MY FATHER STAYED as a salesman for MGM back in the days of the silent. He left Metro to try his first time in the Twentieth, and so he was a real pioneer in the exhibition business. You bought films on a flat-fee basis back then, and you played pictures two and three days. It wasn't as complicated as it is now. You would buy a picture for twenty-five dollars, and you'd buy a whole year's supply in advance because they must have made a thousand pictures a year.

I then ask myself how my father would

fare in today's market. It's so different today. Terms are difficult; costs are high. And sure, because of those high costs, many of us have been forced to divide our theaters into halves and thirds, to create what are called multiplexes. But that presents problems, I think, because with the coming of cable, the only way theater owners are going to survive is by making the moviegoing experience more pleasurable for the public. Every reason of how the business will work in the future, I see theaters continuing to show movies on their first run, but I think we'll be passed over for the second and third runs—the studios will sell straight to cable. That will

mean fewer theaters—we won't make it. The shame is that many owners are destroying themselves, because they're letting their theaters rot. They don't give a damn—about film, about the quality of projection. In some of the new theaters I've been in, you can actually hear the sound of the picture running next door. They treat you like garbage when you walk in, and what they don't understand is that nobody has to go to a theater.

Still, as bad as some theaters are, I guess I'd have to say that the general public is even worse. My own theory is that people are overexposed to entertainment. They get so much for free that they feel ripped off just because they have to pay to see a movie. People say I'm paranoid when I talk like this, but you wouldn't believe the belligerence I see in the theaters. You tell a customer, look, would you want a roomer, I want to make sure there are still seats left in the theater. They start screaming and demand to buy their seats. To keep the garbage off the floor, you put up signs asking for their cooperation, and it means nothing. Did you ever see a guy grab a cigarette out on a carpet that costs fifty dollars a yard? It kills you. I showed a *Leo Zuckerman* picture in midlife a couple years ago. Seats were ruined. They even broke the seat door.

THIS BUSINESS USED to be a lot of fun, as the old days, whenever you spoke to us the phone had a jingle for you. The studios used to host parties all the time. It was a very social industry.

My relations with the studios are good for the most part—I get along with United Artists, with Universal. Well, Columbia is difficult; they contract some pretty tough terms. Paramount is firm, but fair, I think. Embassy goes easy if they have a picture that grosses more than forty dollars. So does Miramax, some third.

Everybody's so uptight these days, everybody's so afraid because things cost so much. And one reason is that the waste in motion pictures is just ridiculous. Most pictures that cost \$12 million to make could be done for nine; most that cost nine could be done for seven. Today you hear companies talk of a picture costing as much to distribute as it does to make. That's a lot of money, in my opinion; it's a built-in pencil. Let's just call it creative accounting for the producers.

The problem with film companies is that most of them are involved in sixteen other things as well. They don't run their film business as a business, and they should. They make some bad decisions.

After twenty-five years doing the same thing, I need a change of pace. One of these days I'm going to make a movie or distribute one or something. In the meantime, I do all right. It's not a bad business really. You just have to have a feel for it. You just have to have a feel for pictures.

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ON THE SET



Tender Mercies

An Aussie director meets a lone star in Texas

HOLDING THE NECK of a whiskey bottle wrapped in a brown paper sack, Robert Downey sits across the center line highway, then swerves across the street. He is in Palmer, Texas, at the intersection of Main and Jefferson. His boots are scuffed, jeans faded, and he wears a rodeo-style belt buckle that dangles unattended over his hip—a nice touch. When the driver of Pontiac's hero has been in Downey, the comedian tells him. He raises a brow, catches his balance, then proceeds with a look of fuzzy uncertainty—no drama. Scene 231 of *Tender Mercies* requires only these takes. Downey has just acted; he is Mac Sledge, the dead-sure town drunk.

While the crew prepares, he sits down on the curb. The focus puller stretches a tape measure from the camera to Downey's nose, preparing a close-up of his face—the scowling beard, the hollow cheeks, the deep lines around his eyes, the lumpy on the ridge of his nose. The shooting continues: pickup first upon gravel and dirt, Downey's nose. In the other shot of that scene, a woman named Rosa Lee will carry her child, Sonny, away so that he won't see the drunken Sledge. Rosa Lee knows that Mac Sledge was once a famous country-and-western singer. But that doesn't matter to her; now he's the lousiest man on her run-down country road. Downey leans away from his telephone pole and squirms at the glare of cameras. Watching the pickup, he slowly twists the bottle cap with the palm of his hand. The lens is too deep; he is irresistible.

With that shot, the production wraps for the day. Downey strides toward Allan Hubbard, the ten-year-old from Paris, Texas, who plays Sonny in the movie. Downey offers the whiskey bottle to the kid, who grimaces and dodges away. "Here, Sonny, have a little," he teases. Thereafter, the

boy retreats to his father. As an unpredictable and potentially ill-tempered drunk, the actor has great credibility. "That's it, Allen," laughs Downey. "I'll bet you eight thousand dollars it's Coca-Cola!" He accepts the bottle and pours a brown, carbonated splash in the sidewalk. "Here you are, son. Whiskey fast!"

"HE'S PROBABLY THE best actor I've worked with," says Bruce Beresford, the highly acclaimed Australian director of *Tender Mercies*, who is making Downey his first American picture. Edward Woodward, who played Quaker Merrett, has Don's technical resources, but Downey has more brain and concentration than any actor I've met," Downey and Beresford, the producers of *Tender Mercies* are counting heavily on this combination, and with good reason. After years in one of Hollywood's strangest supporting actors, Downey is now coming into his own as actor. And as for Beresford, the director was never as good as it is rare for foreign directors making American movies. Don't forget, a Greek, recently directed Jack Lemmon and Stacy Stacey in *Misery*; it's a big hit. *Admiral Clegg*, directed by Peter Jackson, Lewis Malle, was nominated for an Oscar for Best Picture. And Malle made another picture here this year, *My Dinner with Andre*, which was instantly successful for its wit.

Not surprisingly, Beresford was heavily wooed after the success of *Tender Mercies*. Taking care to choose the right project, he turned down the first 150 American properties that came his way. When he read the script for *Tender Mercies*, he says, "I asked the producers, 'Could this be true?' Anything I'd ever known about Texas had come from movies, and of course it was all that hollow-sounding stuff. Tink, tack, tack. The authentic-sounding 'What's that?' The Last Pioneer Game, in which I've been all day yesterday. Let's get out of here—just not. That's so wonderful and

real!" Here was a script that put a very different light on it. These are ordinary people," he laughs, sipping his pint. He decided to do it.

THOUGH SCREENWRITER NORMAN PANAMA hasn't lived full-time in Texas for thirty years, his ear for southern dialogue has been the foundation of his career. His movies—including *Babe*, *the Runaway Train*, *Harry and the Goats*, and the Academy Award winner *To Kill a Mockingbird*—have all taken place in the South. In *Tender Mercies*, Mac Sledge wakes up in Rosa Lee's motel with his pants soaked by a dejected "mead." He works off his bill, then stays on at the motel because he has no place else to go. A soprano in the Baptist choir, Rosa Lee blinks when the doctors who he is, but her subsequent love for him is no star trip. She just hopes he'll stay sober. Though Mac has a handful of new songs, he has no career prospects. He pumps the gas, feeds the chicken, fills the garden. In the process, he comes to terms with his music and his misadventure past. The country woman and her son are the last rung on Mac Sledge's ladder, and he has just enough strength—and spirit—to grab hold.

Back in 1963, Panama had been the one to recommend the young Downey for the part of Don Kaddy in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, his first screen role, and Downey later played the lead in Panama's adaptation of the Faulkner short story "Tomorrow." When the filmmakers were looking for a lead for this Panama screenplay, Downey was a possibility to return old favors; besides, he's a class act, a superb actor, a doer of a doer. Beresford hired Russell Boyd—the cinematographer of last year's other Australian hit, Peter Weir's *Gallopadee*—and undertook a crash course in the country-and-western subculture ("Billie Nelson and Mavis Staples? That's it").

The producers hired a Dallas crew, so Beresford couldn't "the supporting cast"

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PONTIAC NOW THE EXCITEMENT REALLY BEGINS

by JAN REID

Jan Reid is a freelance writer who has written for a number of magazines. She is currently based in New York City.



DIRECTOR BRUCE BERESFORD IS TAKING A CHANCE ON HIS FIRST AMERICAN PICTURE.

sydne for locations inside a thirty-mile radius—an important cost factor, since union rules say that that's the maximum conceivable distance for the crew. For the model drive, he found a black house that had been occupied by a family and its family for almost forty years. The exterior offered pure Tidewater, glowing fields, clean grassland, a haze of dust in the air. But Beresford left right at home. "We filmed *Breaker* in South Africa, though it was set in South Africa. The countryside looks exactly the same. And I remarked to Russell Lloyd that we could have done it right here in Texas. The population of Australia and that of Texas are the same—about

fourteen million. The people here are unpretentious, rather outgoing—English are much more like Australians than the New Yorkers." In fact, Beresford isn't even the first Australian director to make his American debut this year with Texas material: Fede Sciapigliano who made *The Chant of Jesse Blackwelder* finished directing Gary Busey and Willie Nelson in a western called *Darkness* just months before *Breaker* began shooting.

A two-day stable effort, on July 200 jetset, and a Lone Star-beer cap hardly set Beresford apart from his Dallas crew, but the upward corner of his chair is sheer British Empire: that conventional pos-

ture would give *Texas* a crack at the neck. "Crews are pretty much the same in all countries," he says. "They're all easy to get on with. And the unions are a bloody nightmare everywhere. When the unions were forced in the Thirties, they made have been lenient, but now they're the most conservative element in the industry in America, the West, and East. Cost movies even fight with each other."

When the country-rock band from Dallas plays its last scene, Daniel breaks up the solemn funeral ceremony with a whipsawed pie in the hand of the bass player. The band releases by tearing through the set in a fun, loosey funk that passed to the

windows. In a brief cello scene, Beresford feeds the walls with grots of the Remington and Russell oils that, along with cowboy movies, formed his boyhood impressions of the American West. Stunned by the tribune, one of the many local extras wonders whether he's supposed to participate during all these takes. "No, cello," instructs the director. "Why don't you tell us what you do?" At ease, the extras sip his coffee and tell the other man, "Last job I worked on, we did the movie people in the new Arlington Hotel in Dallas."

"I LIVED WITH teachers, farmers, station owners," says Beresford. "Palmer is rather like the country town—Gosh—where I grew up. About the same size, even the closed-up shops. That's what's happening now: the little towns shrivel while the big centers bloom. When I was a kid in Gosh, all the roads were dirt and to travel the humped miles to the nearest city was a bit of an undertaking." Palmer was named after the company physician of the first railroad that reached the village, in 1874. Of course to the east of Dallas, it's a cotton-farming town that hasn't changed much since. A sign in the Pecos valley reads DON'T WANT FIRED OR WANTED. The residents are more fascinated than bothered by the movie people's coming; it is a confirmation of sorts. *Breaker* Mercier has given work to a host of Texans: Tess Harper, for one, who plays Rose Lee, is a Dallas actress whose biggest brush with the movies before that part came along was in a runner-up for a role in a Chuck Norris long picture.

All afternoon, insurance agent James Weaver sits on a bench and draws the \$3.50-an-hour (insurance wage) that comes and in Texas. He chews a cigar with a sense of history, domestic and otherwise. The doorway beside him once exploded in a bank-robbery scene of *Jesse and Clyde*. Or was it the sign all else shot around Palmer, a *Breaker* *Pro* duo? Old timers in Palmer can remember when the old Clyde Barrow lived out on "the neck," a road east of town. "Nice kids," claims the owner of the Super Five, "if he turned out bad."

Beresford's film on Texas will resemble its Australian predecessor. A character study—close-ups of faces in soil, white light. In *The Gathering of Whites*, the outsider from London wanders the plains of his polished dome cities, but it's she who won the coveted university scholarship. *Breaker* Mercier isn't interested with horses and caucuses. Boer guerrillas, he also publishes poetry and sings in the parlors of London. And the uncorrupted songs in New Zealand's track are worth something after all. *Hazan* isn't transcends the age-old violence of auto-centrifuges of rebellion. Beresford explains the cultural affinity of Australians and Texans in a word: outback.

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What Price Romance?

Why movies cost what they cost

IN LOS ANGELES, everyone knows everything about the movie business. All ears all around town, directors are corralled for nonstop interviews, producers for dishonesty, and executives for cowardice and greed. Hollywood observers are still known to squeal with delight at the salacious fortunes of Michael Caine, and Caine is only the most notorious victim of their rapturous adoration. For all the outrage it provokes, a \$30 million movie budget might as well be a worthless misappropriation of public funds. And if you chance an expensive movie doesn't turn out to be a turkey, there's still the moral issue: Wouldn't all those millions of dollars have been better spent on, say, a child's tongue?

Missing in all this bellyaching about budgets is any sort of specific attempt to figure out exactly why movies cost so much to make as they do. A typhoon, a heart attack suffered by its star—such extraordinary circumstances were at least partially responsible for boosting the cost of Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* to around \$34 million. But why is the average budget for a typical studio-made movie now as much as \$35 million? And why did *Summer Lessons*—a new movie opening next month and about as small a theatrical venture as you can make these days—cost more money than you would need to have if you

wanted to buy a good-sized car?

One of the people who knows some of the answers is Mike Moder. Formerly an assistant director and unit manager, Moder is now the producer of *Summer Lessons*. If there's one thing producers are usually very good at, it's knowing the financial details of their movies in the abstract. But Moder is unusually talkative for a man in his position, so far as he's concerned, he's clear. If you believe him and his colleagues, *Summer Lessons* is one of those rare pictures that came in on-time and under budget. Almost 30 percent under budget, according to Moder.

Summer Lessons is the story of a message kid, instead of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, it's a couple meets girl, couple loses girl, at which a young man travels to the Greek islands with his girlfriend, meets another girl he likes, and decides to keep them both. If director Randal Kline's two other features, *Grease* and *The Blue Lagoon*, are any indication, *Summer Lessons* should get plenty souped up by the critics. But we're talking about costars here, not art. *Grease* and *Lagoon* including a byline with the twin actresses. If Kline's lucky, that one stays, too.

Why was *Summer Lessons* so cheap to make? First, its leads are played by three people you've probably never heard of, a casting decision that saved the company as much as \$4 million. The film was shot in Greece, every frame U.S. money paid in advance, which saved another \$2 million by Moder's estimate. Since *Summer Lessons* is a small, contemporary story, nothing had to be spent for sweeping vistas or fluid Spanish, mechanical sharks, or giant UFOs. Finally, the production had what all

filmmakers hope for, luck, in the form of clear skies and good health all around. Without such luck, the producers would have been stuck with very costly delays.

That's why *Summer Lessons* cost as little as actually made as it did, \$5.5 million. But why did it cost as much as it did?

Back in the beginning, the summer of 1983, Kline had an idea to write a movie about an American couple in Greece for the summer. He traveled to the Aegean Islands to scout talent, then returned to his office at Columbia Pictures to write it. That's when the first check was drawn: Kline's efforts were paid for by Columbia to the tune of \$150,000. Hollywood being the perfect model of free-market economics, it's hard to judge a sum like that, but Paramount help: a first-time screenplay by an unknown writer can go for as little as \$5,000, the Writers Guild of America minimum payment for a two-hour television-movie script is \$20,000, the top price for an original (but adapted) screenplay is about \$4 million, and the film rights to a hit play or novel can be as high as \$5 million. That \$150,000 outlay bought Columbia an original story by a hit director as well as screenplay rights. A bargain, maybe?

Maybe not. Kline finished the first draft of his script in January of 1983. Columbia thought it "too easy." Which left Kline with two choices: he could watch his script get severely altered in Colombia or he could look for a studio that would buy something close to the script he'd written. Kline decided to shop around. He was joined in this effort by Joel Dean and Mike Moder. Dean, a former agent credited as the movie's executive producer, registered with the studios as Kline's "buyer."



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by STAN BERKOWITZ
and DAVID LEES

David Lees and Stan Berkowitz are Los Angeles photojournalists who write The Movie Business news weekly published by Village Voice.

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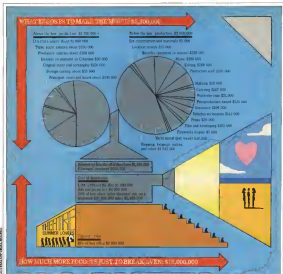
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A CHEAP MOVIE, *SUMMER LOVERS* STILL HAS TO EARN \$20 MILLION TO BREAK EVEN

Mudar drew up a practical budget for the club's consideration. Don's salary: An estimated \$75,000. Mudar's was \$125,000 (plus a small percentage of the profits).

While other studies worried extensive rewrites, Fluorway and its then-chief, George Latta, gave *Summer Leers* a quick yes in April 1981. "I needed a go-ahead that quickly," says Kleiser, "because we'd planned to begin shooting August first—month." Fluorway's doctors required it to pay Columbia back the \$150,000 paid to Kleiser; there was also a costlier of another \$20,000—amount on the \$150,000, plus office and travel expenses.

Columbus had used for Klosser's first trip.

In Greene, New, in May of 1981, there was to be another, and this time the tab would be picked up directly by Kluge—*as would be all other expenses* (including the producers' salaries) from this point on. The purpose of this second trip, taken by Kluge and Mader, was to scout locations, make arrangements with hotels, and find actors. It cost \$25,475.

On their return to Los Angeles, the two men began their most taxing preproduction chore: casting. And yet they managed to avoid one of the toughest jobs usually faced by producers of a major motion picture—the procurement of big names to star in the movie. Elsewhere

surprisingly, hadn't made the casting of stars a requirement of their financing. "They were buying the concept and they were buying me," says Klosser, "and I liked the idea of using new faces."

The first new face was that of Daryl Hannah, a blond actress who would play the part of the American girlfiend. Hannah had just completed a small part in *Shogun* and happened to be eating lunch in the cosmopolitan Columbia shares with Warner Bros. at the same time as Kinman and Milder. The two men liked what they saw and quickly passed a note to her. "That is no joke," the note began, and two sentences later, it offered what ac-

ment receipts (about \$212,000 for the same nine weeks).

Schless, it turns out, seems also to pay below-the-line budget sums—an estimated grand total of about \$1.7 million. Though nowhere near the amounts of the above-the-line salaries, these below-the-line figures were far from minuscule wages. The script supervisor, editor, art director, sound mixer, gaffer, key grip, and a few others all earned between \$1,500 and \$12,000 a week. The assistant director and the prop man fell into the \$800-to-\$1,200 range, while the set decorator, secretary, and production assistants were paid between \$300 and \$500. The below-the-line figures were very uneven. "I'd say 70-75 and a few more," Mader had also budgeted money to be spent as an incentive to get the extras to strip for the nude beach scenes. But, as Mader insists, a never occurred to any of the young European extras and to strip. That saved him \$14,000.

By far the highest salary in the category went to Timothy Gullis, director of photography—who got \$17,000 a week. Gullis said about his fee: "The movie before being placed according to Mader, I was paid \$10,000 a week. But after the fact, but due to union rules, the company was obliged to pay him his full eleven-year-and-a-half-week total of \$55,000."

The \$5,000 to acquire the services of walking-star Kalle Despopoulos (her job was important because the story called for the Americans to take an extra spent most real time at the island—hanging on the nude beaches, their wives/lovers were supposed to disappear. A gradual change, to be sure, but because the movie was shot out of sequence, the walking person was required to keep steadily almost at what is called the script's continuity—no easy task when shooting scenes from the beginning of the story to the end on the same day).

Most of *Summer Lovers* was shot on the streets and beaches of San Francisco. Mylonakis, and Greco, with some exceptions, shot inside studios. Any or all of these buildings or rooms could have been artificially created as sets, but only one such construction was needed: a suitable outdoor café for a song-and-dance routine by a female impersonator (O'Connell) and the lead singer. Cost for that construction: \$35,000 for materials. Rental of location sites cost \$12,157, with a similar fee for the house where the villa from their Greek comes. To dress it as a 1930s American beach house, the team O'Connell, Greco, and Greco, who were "cold," an art director was paid \$18,987. Some of the beach actresses were from, it

was off-camera, so the company could not set up and shoot.

Mader's and women's wardrobe cost \$16,700 and the bill for props came to \$10,000. Wardrobe costs as much as it does—even in a movie with lots of nudity—because everything that actors wear must be duplicated at least once, with some costumes used in one of three or four, as a guarantee against damage or loss. Props in the movie are minuscule, but they consist of everything the actors touch to use, from a waterbed down to the strip and erotic used by Daryl Hannah during a particularly lucky massage (she drops one of Peter Gallagher's cigarettes).

That even a film shot almost entirely on location requires extra props, wardrobe, and art direction suggests a simple truth about why movies cost as much as movies do: they cost a lot, and there it goes, costs money to make real things look real. Here's an example: Kleiser wanted to shoot a nude beach scene at Malibu Bay in Greece. There was a cave where everyone went nude, but shooting there would have

the fireworks that make, for him to shoot them off, and permits. A little of a special effort, but costly nevertheless. The company paid another \$30,000 to make a lot of still-props. Near the end of shooting, a scene was filmed in Mykonos in the Greek Isles. The company (as that the three lovers attend. Five thousand dollars was spent to secure the rights to include sections of the film the three scenes, as in *Summer Lovers*. Another \$5,000 was spent to "make" the usage of this film onto the Greek's screens. And what was this film? A Three Stooges cartoon. Three lovers, Three Stooges, \$30,000.

Finally, there's a sequence that illustrates the other side of the coin: a scene that took an afternoon to shoot, but also turned out to be a form of economy. The script called for the three to meet some of the extras on a yacht and then to join them in a party. The yacht they chose, previously owned by Aristotle Onassis, costed for \$25,000 for a week, crew and fuel included. To save costs the sailors filmed aboard the yacht were shot while the yacht was actually at sea—moving the company from San Francisco to Mykonos, for the rest of the film. Members of the yacht's crew were pressed into service as extras for the party scene.

DANCE PHOTOGRAPHY WAS completed in mid-October of 1982, the company dispersed. Three weeks later, Kleiser and Mader had established their production company back in Los Angeles, and *Summer Lovers* entered a phase that would eventually cost neither three quarters of a million dollars. The largest single chunk of the budget of the film, \$300,000, \$300,000 would be paid for permission to use the *Private Sisters* series "Slow Hand." A mistake, Filmways eventually decided to cut the song because it had become dated. Mader couldn't get the \$300,000 back, though, because the song had already been used

in a *Summer Lovers* sequel. The remainder of the \$300,000 music budget went to the composer (\$40,000) and to the musicians who play his music. Kleiser accounted for much of the offsetting budget too—at least \$300,000 of the final estimated offsetting cost of \$300,000.

Part of the cost of the film, at \$238,260, much of that at supplies and labor. July one day, Kleiser's dollars were spent for the use of a truck and a trailer to move the trailer of the French girl with a car, costed by a trucker, \$10,000. Part of the cost, \$10,000, was with which the trucker, there's no evidence on screen that the truck actually cost about \$5,000—the

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some of that went to the actors. Their contracts stipulated three days of food lodging, so the only expenses were to fly Valerie Greenhouse to Los Angeles from Paris and back here, and to bring Peter Gallagher in from New York and back here. Daryl Hannah lives in Los Angeles, so nothing had to be paid for her expenses.

The final postproduction expense was for the lab work necessary to give a print of the film. This cost \$17,000, and with that expenditure, the movie was in one sense, complete. But there were still other expenses—lots of them.

First, \$195,467 for insurance. This coverage included the film from start to finish—less damage to the film and the insurance of the film's contents. In either case the insurer might have had to reimburse the company for the costs of shooting. That there was \$300,000 in the movie of the one below it, the insurance dollars are first placed into the top glass, which represents the money that the insurers get to keep, about ten to thirty cents on each dollar. The amount then goes into the next glass down. To pay

back distribution expenses, \$5 million must stay in this glass. And on top of that, the distributor also gets to keep about thirty cents of every dollar that comes in from the theaters. Once the money has paid the distributor's share, the movie starts to be the third glass, which represents the cost of making the film. When this one is filled, the dollars start trickling into the fourth glass, the one that represents profits. Whatever comes into this net, Filmways will split with Kleiser.

COULD KLEISER HAVE said that this film for less money? The cost of *Summer Lovers* is low for a major feature, but for three

back distribution expenses, \$5 million must stay in this glass. And on top of that, the distributor also gets to keep about thirty cents of every dollar that comes in from the theaters. Once the money has paid the distributor's share, the movie starts to be the third glass, which represents the cost of making the film. When this one is filled, the dollars start trickling into the fourth glass, the one that represents profits. Whatever comes into this net, Filmways will split with Kleiser.

Just to book even? About \$20 million. Here's why.

Distribution, also handled by Filmways, will cost about \$5 million. Out of that amount comes \$1 million to make sure the film gets to the theaters. *Summer Lovers* was shot in 35-mm film, a two-hour television movie usually takes twenty-one. It's acknowledged that you need something close to that to get the production value of a feature film movie. Just the other major expense is, in we've seen, costs: commercial—the talent. Now, there's a certain logic to Hollywood salaries: film people (from actors to technicians) need to be paid a lot of money to work because they don't know where their next job will be coming from, and numbers are determined by whatever the traffic will bear. But there's a central irrationality too, described by the fact that *Summer Lovers* gave out salaries because he was offered salary information would have an adverse effect on what the actors get paid for their other jobs. Price and real worth, if there's, have only the most remote connection to Hollywood salaries.

Worst. Kleiser's salary, for example, has been bought for \$150,000. If Kleiser had signed a John Doe? No, but it probably wouldn't have been made if John Doe were in. How much is a film worth to a distributor or television network? The less it was made, the less they're likely to pay for it, even though budget is almost entirely irrelevant to the potential of the film. The makers of low-budget films do not like to reveal their budgets—and why they sometimes exaggerate them.

The same line is played in this kind of atmosphere: payment may sometimes confer value to a business where no one can predict anything, payment of a salary for a director may give the person who's in charge the comfort of being himself a "guarantee" that the film is going to be that much better, but that much more profitable.

Will the budget business get any off the tax office? Mike Mader is talking big about it, perhaps. He says he was already offered a \$225,000 for one of his (percentage) profits in the owner's gold—much more than \$100,000. He says he'll be left to show for the producers' \$12 million will be a couple thousand miles of worthless colored pinstriped in a bunch of cheap exit-line cars.

Moder paid \$30,000 to use the Pointer Sisters' erotic "Slow Hand." A mistake. Filmways eventually cut the song: "Slow Hand" had become dated.

Could Kleiser have shot this movie for less money? Maybe, but the less a film is made for, the less a network or distributor is likely to pay for it.

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HOLLYWOOD DIARY

Happy Endings

WHEN MY PLANE landed, I drove to Hollywood and checked into the Chateau Marmont, a hotel where screenwriters had

through scripts in a south courtyard and where the screenplay I had written. I telephoned no one, all that night I ordered pizza and then my service, and I slept off but I did not sleep. I was still considering driving back to the airport and going home.

From the time, six months earlier, when I had left this hotel and returned to Boston, I had avoided staying even minutes from the film. It wasn't that I'd been ostracized in Hollywood, but my heart I was a sonnet, used to tolerate and to total control over my own work, and I knew what what ended up in the screen was not of my hands. I couldn't pretend not to care, but because I was so anxious of what my reaction to the film might be, when I decided to see it, I asked to see it alone with my husband. We drove to Burbank early in the morning, the screening room was already dark when we walked inside, and when the projectionist signaled that he was about to start the film, I closed my eyes.

IT HAD BEGUN the screenplay much the same as I do a novel. I heard a character in this case it was Mary Ann, a waitress who worked in her father's diner, a young woman who smoked small, black cigarettes and smoked for a little while then she was living. Around Mary Ann grew some "Mexico," a place so hot you could see the heat waves rising, an imagined grid of desert acidity streets. Mexico was a place I had never been to, but I knew everything about the town that contained—I knew that the dust rose up in certain hours of the day, and that where Mary Ann worked the breakfast shift she could hear trucks pass through town on their way to the interstate. I knew that the sound of

their engines left her hanging for a dozen breaths.

I mailed the screenplay to my agent, then went back to work on a novel, convinced that as one can there would want a film where there is a thousand of them and lost chance. I was wrong: eventually the script was bought by Warner Bros. and I flew out to experience Hollywood for the first time.

Right away I felt a seismic excitement at being part of a team, at last there seemed an antidote to the loneliness of writing. And yet, after a while, working collaboratively was a strain—the script was gone over again and again, line by line, in the evenings, behind a rented typewriter at the hotel, I stared at huge billboards that seemed to glow in the dark. When I returned to the West Coast, the phone calls her reviews came at odder and odder hours of the day and night. I turned to write on demand, to walk a fine line between pleasing my tract and remaining true to my characters.

I had heard dozens of awful tales of Hollywood showing writers, I was trained with nothing but kindness, yet, even so, I began to feel a tremendous sense of loss. During a September hotel wave in Los Angeles, I sat in a windowless room and heard the script read for the first time by the cast. The better the actors were, the sadder I felt, the more alive each character became, the more they belonged to the actors rather than to me. It was during the reading that I decided not to go on location.

When a novel is a screenplay has to be interpreted by others in order to exist—it isn't a novel until there are a director, actors, a town with real streets. I didn't want to travel to that town because I had already seen it. I couldn't fly off to an unknown spot and watch the world I had created take root in the earth.

So I left Los Angeles after the reading. And though the director, Bob Fosse, made plans to visit in the film as "your mother" or "your sister" whenever he telephoned for someone, I knew it belonged to him now—we both knew it. Mabel was a little budget and his own vision, and I was like a painter in New England, keep-

ing my distance until that day when I sat in the screening room on the far edge of the Warner Bros. lot.

WHEN I OPENED my eyes, the first thing I saw was a woman in a red dress. She was smoking a small cigar; she was Mary Ann and the actress Kathleen Quinlan both and when she spoke, she said tender words. After a few minutes I realized that I had written, had not been secretly rewritten on location. Soon I even stopped noting the distance along with the actors. And although what I saw on the screen was not quite what I had imagined, I began to feel the oddest sense of connection, as if I were watching a dream I had remembered brought back from sleep, only in colors more brilliant than I had ever dreamed. I nearly forgot that I had written the screen. I was watching a movie now. And for the first time in months I felt I hadn't lost it. I had once imagined a town, a diner, and the woman who wanted to leave them both behind.

There were some scenes that had gotten lost and that I had never seen. I was surprised. Mary Ann had been a photographer from the second draft onward, but I hadn't expected her to handle her camera with so much authority. I knew there was a man named Ben who terrified her, finally into submission and silence. But I hadn't known how much love he would generate when he began to throw it caution at his wife and I hadn't expected to find it at the first sight of her. All along I had believed I knew Mary Ann better than anyone else, but there were hundreds of details I had never even guessed. It might not have been the world I had once imagined, the place that was mine alone, where blackbirds perched on my shoulder wires and kept by putting in the heat, but what I saw on the screen was still in many ways familiar, in many ways better. And of an hour that should have seemed much too early to see a movie, I knew that I was lucky. I sat still and I thought, "Oh, cinema." Of course Mary Ann wears red socks with her white sneakers, and the camera that moves through the town is not the one I had imagined, and the scene is not the one I had imagined, and the color of desert roses. Of course.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

After the release of the screenplay, the author of the screenplay, Alice Hoffman, was contacted by Warner Bros. for a film adaptation. She was contacted for a film adaptation.

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

DOG-DAY AFTERNOONS

Beating the heat to the heartland

MY LAST fall summer in the Midwest passed so slowly that I began to miss even the days by how much the corn had grown. No more else seemed to happen. The corn grew and the days passed. The first heat wave seemed around the corner doesn't matter how frequently I mowed out the stubble. In the afternoon there would be a thunderstorm that would wash the dust from the air and leave the corn looking lush and fresh and green. I knew it was Sunday when I saw a couple riding around in their pickup, wearing their good clothes, the men with that self-conscious just-scrubbed look. I knew it was the first of the month when the check came from the VA.

I had refreshed business with the agency. But I was local and too much of something else. But I couldn't come to spend much time on the campus. So I lived in an old farmhouse thirty miles away. The fence with where I had shared it had moved to Alaska, and every day I thought about picking up and passing it. Alaska was that year's "best good place." And my buddy was there while I was still in the cornfields.

To add to my portion of rice, I was reading and trying hard to understand the theory of economic systems as advised by Leon Walras, whose thought and prose are dense as rotten lead. Walras was difficult as only a Continental economist can be. Most days I came home to the farm with a headache that felt more like a badly bruised muscle than anything else.

For relief, I would saddle a horse and ride down into the woods. I carried a pistol that was ready for use as a woodchuck and first aid. The college kids would bring letters in their dormitory and at the end of the school year take the cats out along some country road and leave them. The ones that survived the first few days became good killers, especially of quail and rabbits. The cats also carried disease, so we shot them down as we saw them. Since I didn't want any woodchucks or



cats, I used the pistol mostly to plunk at them, if there weren't any of them, so pop someone better. A solid hit from a .22 would dent a squirrel's skull in a way that was especially close. The little birds would drift all on the summer air, reminding you of a dandelion puffball scattered by a child's breath.

My special destination on these rides was a deep, spruce-fir bend in a nameless creek, which was used by the local farm kids as a swimming hole. It was a good swimming hole, the measure of which came down to two things: there was an overhanging branch that you could climb out on and dive from and that held a two-inch-thick rope for swinging out into the middle of the stream, and the hole was deep enough so that when you landed if these things you didn't break your skull. The underwear string that kept the water cold was nice, though unessential, touch, as was the little strip of corns and that served as a beach.

There were usually seven or eight young boys at the swimming hole when I arrived at the afternoon. They were out of school for the summer and had finished with chores and evening. If one seemed oppressive to me, those boys were almost always of a

At first they appeared me when I showed

up at the hole and walked downstream to cast in a wooden pool for water-suck thick legs. After three or four days, one of them wandered down and looked at a fish I had just caught. He told me there were much bigger fish at the stream and that he had caught some. "Use a crowbar," he said. "They got up in the shallow water in the rocks. You got to be quick with 'em, but they're the best bait. A lot better than that hare of yours."

A few days later, one of the boys asked me about the pistol. He wasn't impressed. He'd seen plenty of guns, but he was curious. I let him shoot the pistol at a cat, and he was good. He told me he'd never have a shotgun. "I'm saving up for it," he said. "I can take it out by myself if I carry for it by myself. I don't want to let you and going out with them. I had him in the corner of the house."

"Yeah, I guess. With that twenty-gauge I could hunt anything around here." I took that as it was meant, as a comment on my little pistol. These boys weren't going to be impressed by anything about me. They were at that age.

Which is probably why I liked being around them. That, and the cool relief of their swimming hole after a day of Leon Walras. Some afternoon I would swim with them, and when I did, I loved my bath as fine for the rope even though I was a head taller and fifty pounds heavier than the biggest of them. Some afternoons I would fish and swim them. Some afternoons I would sit on the little strip of sand beach and drink a beer while I watched them. They went on with their games as though I were not there.

I did some exploring with one of the boys, the most solitary one of the group. We found some water snakes one day and he caught one to take home. He brought it back the next day and said: "My ma says that there won't be any snakes living in her house."

We found snapping turtles, muskrats, and a giant stretch of water where a pair of



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black ducks were nesting. If we approached quietly, we could watch from the bank as the hen waded out into the middle of the stream with her brood in perfect formation behind her. They would crane the quest water—there didn't seem to be any purpose to it—until one of the ducklings got out of line. The hen would scold the errant duckling and sometimes circle back and physically bend him to his place in line. The boy beside me always got a laugh from that "Just like my ma," he'd say.

I got to know the boys pretty well as the summer wore on, and I began spending time and time again with them. It had become clear to me that I could add "social economist" to the list of things I would never be. So I spent my time at the men's table, holding either drinking about my own race or trying not to, which the boys made easy.

I learned about how the peasant boys were shaping up in the local Little League. One of the boys, a skinny lad with bag teeth, was a pitcher, and his friends said that he'd start for the team when he went to high school. When he heard that, he blushed and said, "Shit, I'll probably hurt my arm." I thought about going to one of the games but never did.

One day late in the summer, just before Labor Day, I took a woman from the university to the swimming hole. I've been telling her about it and she'd and she wanted to go, so I took her. Now that I've had some years to think about it, I realize that the real mistake was telling her about it. But at the time I didn't think about it at all.

If those boys had not been impressed all summer, they were awed that day. The woman wore a bikini under her clothes, and when we got to the swimming hole, she stripped out of her Levi's and stood and dove in. The boys had never seen anything like it outside of magazines. They stood around at first, then tried to carry on manfully, but it was clear that they couldn't remember what they normally did. Everything was suddenly very awkward. The talk was forced. They tried to show off some of the boys at first and some got very, very quiet. I don't think the woman noticed, but I did. We left as soon as I could persuade her to go.

It didn't change everything, any taking the woman there. But it did change something. I went back to the swimming hole and so did the boys. It wasn't quite the same, but summer was almost over. In a week or so, they had to get back to their school and I would be leaving home. We finished out the summer as friends.

Thirteen years later I can describe that swimming hole in perfect detail. I don't remember anything about Walcott's theory or even recall the woman's name.

GEORFFREY NORMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

HIGH LIFE

BY TAKI

A PASSION FOR NEW YORK

It began with baseball and ended in disillusion

AS THE song said long ago, I'll take Manhattan. Well, only that small and narrow part of it that also absorbs me of such citizens refer to as the Upper East Side. I do cross into Queens occasionally while on my way to the airport or the Hempstead Expressway, I find going to the remaining boroughs that we part of the Big Apple so arduous as a trek through the Cambodian jungle. However, I did not always feel this way. Thirty-four (or was it thirty-two?) years ago, the Bronx was one of my favorite places. I cannot remember the exact year the feeling occurred, but I do remember the precise moment it was just after the Yankee management traded Billy Martin following the franchise of the old Copacabana nightclub. I was about twenty years old, and the realization that a lot more behind a desk is more important than a scrappy second baseman was traumatic indeed. I decided right then and there that, in general, businessmen were not to be trusted.

And, in particular, anyone who ran the Yankees was suspect from the start. I remember, I don't think my beloved judgment has ever proven correct. When Starnheim and O'Malley moved the other two New York teams to Quakeland country, I began making for ALEX, an African river town, and Manchester, an English one. Baseball and I were through.

After one New York City tour bus run, it was the autumn of 1948, and my brother and I were flying from Europe in one of those TVA Constellation that had airplanes in first class. In those days first class was located in the back of the plane, because the tail was safer. In keeping with the anti-Communist spirit of the times, rich people were considered to be less susceptible than the poor. My father met us and took us straight to Rensselaer Brothers. We had arrived looking like Hitler Youth or even hoodlums, and Dad thought it was a bit provocative, since Harry and I spoke only Greek and German, preferring



the latter by far. After Brooks Brothers, a trip to a quick stop in New Jersey and a prep school called Lawrenceville. Now, I realize that since the Axis invasion of the Western World, Lawrenceville and other schools of learning have seen stranger sights, but at that time of 1948, I was Germanophone, short-haired, Greek, did not exactly blend with the rest. But I have gotten over the track.

The driver of the taxi who brought us into the city that day spoke the kind of Brooklynese that was in vogue for a while in those days, back when drivers not only understood English but could even find their way around the city themselves. Although my English was less than rudimentary—in fact, I spoke only three words—I managed by his pointing and grunting to be located to the radio that something interesting was taking place. I had grown up as the ruler of a world war and, indeed, had just lost a major civil war in Greece. Listening to the radio and stu-

pidly jumping for joy and writing in a diary were not new to me. By the time we had checked into the Plaza Hotel, I had figured out what was going on. It seems that a wicked Cleveland Indian chief named Lou Roadhouse had massacred the mighty Yankees in a 1948 version of Little Big Horn. Having seen the film in Athens before coming over, my sympathies, naturally, were with the unfortunate Yankee chief. Joe DiMaggio was Earl Fann, or so.

Once at Lawrenceville, my identification with the Yankees again intensified. Their wasn't much else to do. The teachers in America were different from those in Europe. They tried to help, but if they were making no headway, they left you alone and concentrated on the others who wanted to learn. That suited me perfectly, since I thought I knew too much already.

By the time spring came around, I had dropped all pretense of work and concentrated on following the Yankee fortunes. I loved baseball. Every third breath were sports stories. Victories and defeats of the great were forgotten; bygone were bygone. It was, in fact, like the happiness of a childhood dream, and the only thing I retain from that first traumatic year at Lawrenceville is the 1948 Yankee roster. There was Tommy Henrich at first, George Starnheim at second, Rensselaer at short, and Doctor Bobby Brown at third. Johnny Lindell was in left field, Charlie Keller in right, and the center spot was filled temporarily by a platoon made up of Mays, Bauer, and Woodling while the world waited for DiMaggio to find. Bears was catching and Busch, Reynolds, and Lopez were the pitchers. Throughout the summer I followed the Yankee war, and by the time I returned to Lawrenceville for the fall term of 1949—under pretenses, I might add—the Yankees and Red Sox were heading to the death for the pennant. I lived in Thomas House, of the lower school. Across from my cabin lived a boy

OBSCURE THE BOOK CERTAINLY ISN'T, BUT ITS EROTICISM IS UNSETTLING—CONNOLLY'S SKILL IN LANDSCAPING THE BODY IS FAR MORE STIRRING THAN THE WHAM AND GRUNT OF EXPLICIT POEM.

accident—see the novel's end, the sky remembered clouds—the book cover displays the image before (and one looks at D. H. Lawrence in John Updike. The boy isn't a temple in *The Red Poet*, but it isn't a nest of fox vapors, either.

A PAPERBACK released simultaneously with the hardcover edition, Nick Tosches's *Melville* (Dell, \$5.95) is a crisp, haunted tour of the five-footed rabbit that makes up the life and career of country-rock legend Jerry Lee Lewis. Born in Louisiana in 1935, Lewis was a precocious, hard-eyed white who longed for boogie-woogie on an upright piano, learned to blue-pedal by learning to jamme Rodgers records, and had a soulful reverence for the night he heard the great domed saint Hank Williams perform on the Louisiana Hayride radio show. With his cousin Jimmy Lee Swaggart (who later became a backstreeting television evangelist, dabbling once in his fatherhood with a female) and as he demonstrated an early and swift, Lord, Lord, Jerry Lee would send us down to a disapparently black nightclub called Honey's Big House, where "old rhythms merged with new, and the ancient raw power of the country blues blurted a fierce new creature at shivering whites...." Once Lewis captures the charm with "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and "Great Balls of Fire," Tosches really brings a delicious cruelty to his narrative. One night at the Blackboard Jungle, Lewis was told that he would have to go to bed. Chuck Berry, once Berry had "rocked" his secretary. So Lewis went out and whipped the crowd into a froth.

As the morning class grew radically and suddenly greater, he drove from his school a Coke bottle in his hand, and he flung the glass with one hand as the other hand lunged out. ("Great Balls of Fire") and he struck a woman dead and he set the men fleeing, and in his hands, like the hands of a madman, did not quit the burning keys but kept pounding, until all became unknown together and bodies and soul and the body were lost, especially beneath with the tramp of a fall and Jerry Lee rolled backward, making of gasoline and wrath, and he said to Chuck Berry and others in the crowd of the boys going away and laughing and yelling thank the walls, he said, "You're that, right?"

Not a sweetheart, just Jerry Lee Lewis, and Tosches never tries to pretty up Lewis's exploits or paper over the brutal, gaudy holes he has punched into other people's lives with his arrogant and drunken fly. Since most rock books are

either fanfare raves or slugged-together collections of endless facts and teasing questions (see, for instance, *The Rock Book*, edited by Steve Martin and Kevin Sitem), Tosches deserves a large measure of respect for using the full muscle of his talent to wrestle with a phenomenon as heavy and timely as Jerry Lee Lewis. Not that the book is unimpaired. One sizable error, with stories looking from hot short collar, has proclaimed *Melville* an American classic fit to breathe on the shelf alongside Benjamin Franklin's autobiography, Thomas Jefferson's life of Washington, William Wordsworth's life of Wordsworth, and Voltaire's life of Voltaire. (The *Crucible* of Mark Twain, but *Melville*, I think, means being a classic precisely because Tosches doesn't bring a critical intelligence to bear on Jerry Lee Lewis's career, his narrative becomes too damn influenced and hallucinogenic, diving so deeply into Lewis's maniacal obsessions that the rest of the world dissolves like a soap in a silent movie.

Perhaps my lack against *Melville* is simply that I've never much bothered to tell critical confessions in prose, even when it's Faulkner or a Hemingway turning on the steady-servers. Tosches not only spends his book too liberally with words like *legit* and *drunk*, but he occasionally succumbs to banal bouts of hyperbole, as when he describes the reaction to "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" by writing: "It bloodied virgins and stirred new housewives to read things they never spoke of, a second time to convert themselves into facing new creatures and to seek desecration without rift." Such flowerings of rhetoric can be funny and colorful in a vice of short prose, but over the long haul the blood red petals begin to pale and wilt.

Whatever one's niggles about *Melville*, the book is undeniably a job—turning a word, trademarked life into a roaring page of poetic expressionism. While most rock writers are anxiously hovering away at their own reputations, building a sanctification out of big opinions and belletrism, Nick Tosches has passed every his ego to make himself supremely receptive to Jerry Lee Lewis's blue moods and colorful rants. The truth is that Lewis is simply too damned great a subject to give Tosches the full scope of greatness he's striving for. With a minor lapse, Nick Tosches may indeed write the masterpiece that adds to be born out of his tempesting, far-reaching imagination. In the meantime, buy and read *Melville*, and encourage him in his searching endeavors.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY Random House in 1975, James Satter's *Light*

Years has just been released in a handsome paperback edition by San Francisco's North Point Press (\$8.50). The story of a marriage that comes unraveled, *Light Years* achieves something many recent novels have (unsuccessfully) attempted to carry off: to capture the unclassified rupture of everyday life, to present the fluctuations of weather and breathing as a string of privileged moments. When Francisco de Pizarro Greg went for everyday existence in her most recent novel, *World Without End*, the result was mostly an overripe spill of gossip. Satter avoids gossip by keeping his sentences tight, precise, suggestive: "Dark smudges in her smocks, mint on her breath," is how Satter evocatively describes his heroine, Nedra. "She is twenty-eight. Her dreams still cling to her, when left, she is confident, composed, she is related to long-necked creatures, ruminants, abandoned saints." Nedra is an elegant beauty, and *Light Years* takes little comfort in the unbalanced luxury of her days with her husband, Van. "Life is death," begins one chapter. "Life is death. Lunches on a blot checked cloth on which salt has spilled. The smell of tobacco like yellow apples, wood-banded leaves." What's remarkable about *Light Years* is not merely that Satter celebrates the silver-and-golden latitudes of life with out turning achy precious—even his verbs and metaphors remain sparely—but that he begins a novel of impending doom with a chapter on how to survive. *Light Years*, which could have been a mercantile exercise in the usual, a succession of delicate brushstrokes, becomes an unexpectedly moving tale of beautiful lives lived by time.

James Satter is also the author of one of the most memorably poetic novels ever written, *A Spent and a Pastime* (Penguin, \$3.50). Where Connolly's *The Rock Poet* has a poem, fragment, apocryphal sentences, the criticism in *A Spent and a Pastime* is cool and claustrophobic, with monologic spilling through fluttering curtains across rumpled sheets. In a room scented off against the oceanic world, Satter's heroine—a college dropout named Philip Dean and his French secretaries Anne-Marie—he is best, love-spice.

How intense clearly the truth of love before the window, down like a rock and into the green sea. The sound of a ring. In the heart of the sea a tall room with an ancient door against whom they lie, the last and of some door to them and other voices as well clear taking.

Sleep tight, kids.

JAMES WOLCOTT is a contributing editor of *Los Angeles magazine*.



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